MANUAL of PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTION



KANSAS · 1944

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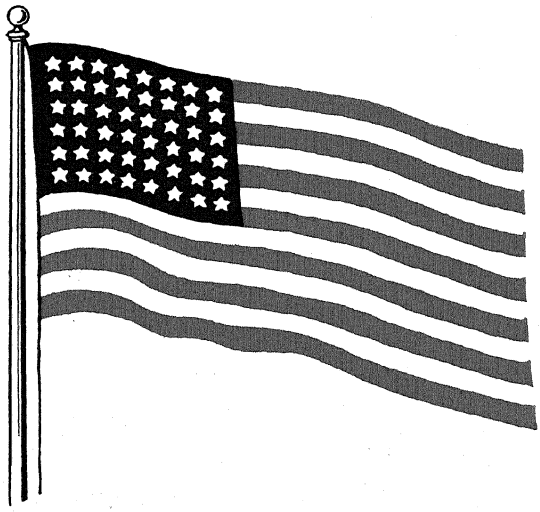
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I PLEDGE allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands:

One Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

MANUAL

OF

PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTION

AND

PROGRAM HELPS

FOR

SPECIAL DAYS



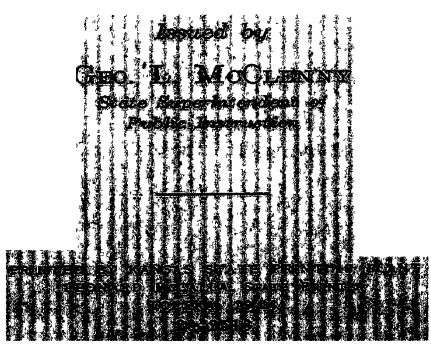


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Foreword

RECENT heavy call for this pamphlet has depleted our stock of of it, and it seemed advisable to revise it before reprinting. Part of the material formerly in it is not so pertinent to the times and occasions as it was. Part seemed exchangeable for other matter.

We commend the little volume to the use of the teachers of Kansas. We sincerely hope they will find it useful in their work of preparing our children to understand and appreciate the great blessing of living in our beloved United States of America.

GEO. L. MCCLENNY,
State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

(Every child should memorize the following creed, which was compiled by William Tyler Page, formerly a resident of Kansas, and which was officially adopted by the United States Congress, April 13, 1918.)

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity, for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

Flag of the United States

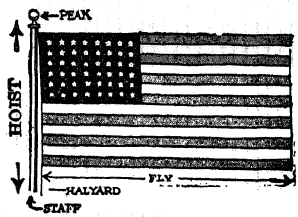
The Living Symbol of Our Great Republic

HOW TO DISPLAY IT; HOW TO RESPECT IT

ON FLAG DAY, June 14, 1923, representatives of more than sixty-eight organizations met in Washington for a conference, called by and conducted under the auspices of the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion, to draft an authentic code of flag etiquette. The code drafted by that conference is printed on this and the following pages, together with diagrams illustrating most of the rules. While the rules adopted by the conference have no official government sanction, nevertheless they represent the authoritative opinion of the principal patriotic bodies of the United States and of Army and Navy experts, and are being followed by all of the organizations which took part in the gathering, including forty-five other organizations which have since adopted this code, representing over 20,000,000 people. The conference constituted itself a permanent body, so that modifications in the rules can be made if this proves desirable. The rules as given are from the final corrected draft of the code as brought out of the conference.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FLAG

The flag of the United States of America has 13 horizontal stripes—7 red and 6 white—the red and white stripes alternating, and a union which consists of white stars of five points on a blue field placed in the upper quarter next the staff and extending to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top. The number of stars is the same as the number of states in the Union. The canton or union now contains 48 stars arranged in six horizontal and eight vertical rows, each star with one point upward. On the admission of a state into the Union a star will be added to the union of the flag, and such addition will take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission. The propor-



tions of the flag, as prescribed by executive order of President Taft, October 29, 1912, are as follows:

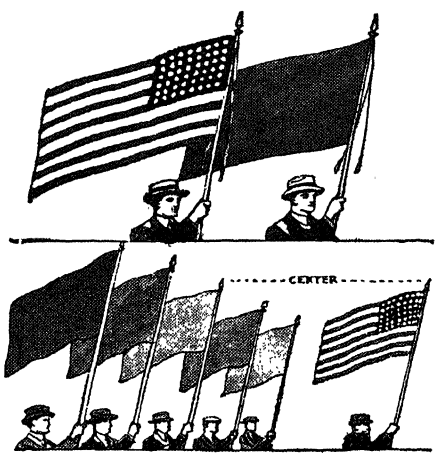
Hoist (width) of flag	1
Fly (length) of flag	1.9
Hoist (width) of union	7–13
Fly (length) of union	0.76
Width of each stripe	1–13
Diameter of each star	.0616

NOTE.—By "diameter" of star is meant the diameter of the imaginary circle on the circumference of which the points of the star tie.

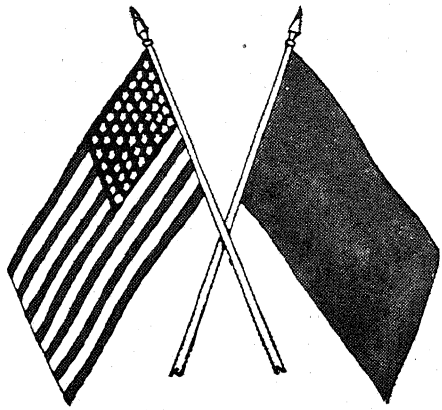
PROPER MANNER OF DISPLAYING THE FLAG

There are certain fundamental rules of heraldry which, if understood generally, would indicate the proper method of displaying the flag. The matter becomes a very simple one if it is kept in mind that the flag represents the living country and is itself considered as a living thing. The union of the flag is the honor point; the right arm is the sword arm, and therefore the point of danger and hence the place of honor.

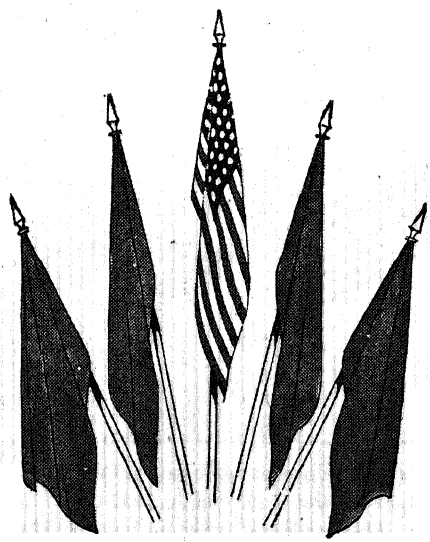
1. **The flag should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset,** or between such hours as may be designated by proper authority. It should be hoisted briskly but should be lowered slowly and ceremoniously. The flag should be displayed on all national and state holidays and on historic and special occasions. (However, being the emblem of our country, it ought to fly from every flagpole every day throughout the year, weather permitting.)



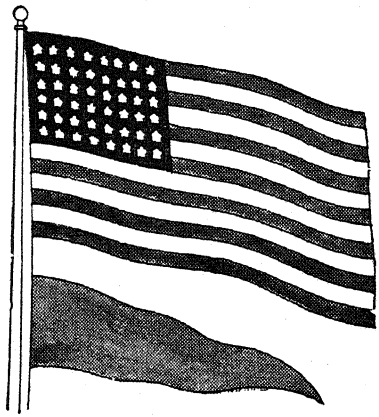
2. **When carried in a procession with another flag,** or flags, the flag of the United States should be either on the marching right, *i. e.,* the flag's own right, or when there is a line of other flags, the flag of the United States may be in front of the center of that line.



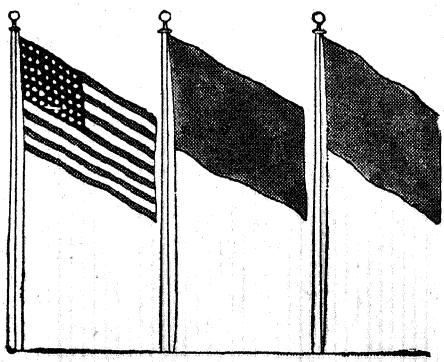
3. **When displayed with another flag, against a wall from crossed staffs,** the flag of the United States should be on the right, the flag's own right, and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.



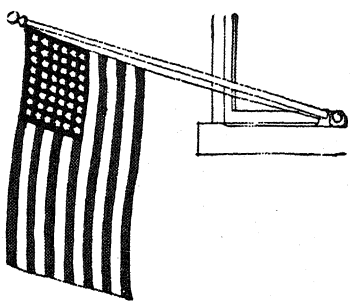
4. **When a number of flags of states or cities,** or pennants of societies are grouped and displayed from staffs with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group.



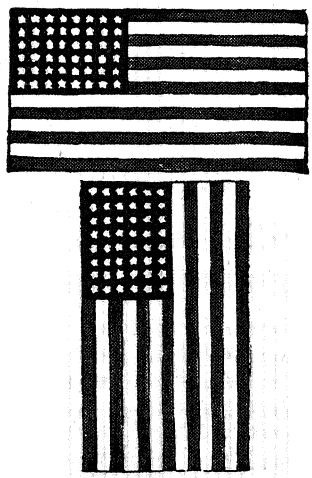
5. **When flags of states or cities, or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard** with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs the flag of the United States of America should be hoisted first and lowered last. No such flag or pennant, flown in the former position, should be placed above, or, in the latter position, to the right of the flag of the United States of America, *i. e.*, to the observer's left.



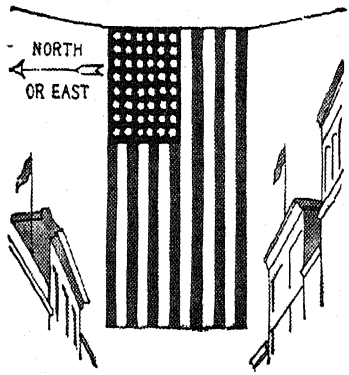
6. **When flags of two or more nations are displayed** they should be flown from separate staffs of the same height and the flags should be of approximately equal size. (International usage forbids the display of the flag of one nation above that of another nation in time of peace.)



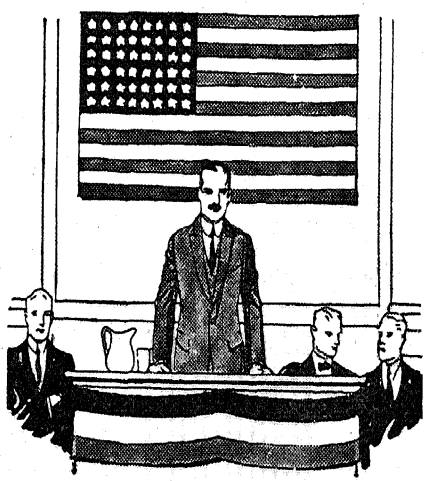
7. **When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at an angle from the window sill, balcony or front of building,** the union of the flag should go clear to the peak of the staff unless the flag is at half-staff. (When the flag is suspended over a sidewalk from a rope, extending from a house to a pole at the edge of the sidewalk, the flag should be hoisted out from the building toward the pole, the union first.)



8. **When the flag of the United States is displayed in a manner other than by being flown from a staff,** it should be displayed flat, whether indoors or out. When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, *i. e.*, to the observer's left. When displayed in a window it should be displayed the same way, *i. e.*, with the union or blue field to the left of the observer in the street. When festoons, rosettes, or drapings are desired, bunting of blue, white and red should



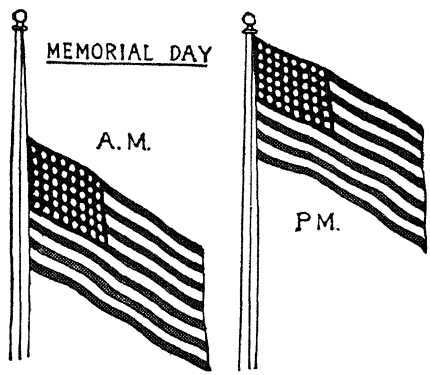
9. **When displayed over the middle of the street,** the flag of the United States should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east-and-west street or to the east in a north-and-south street.



10. **When used on a speaker's platform,** the flag, if displayed flat, should be displayed above and behind the speaker. If flown from a staff, it should be in the position of honor, at the speaker's right. It should never be used to cover the speaker's desk nor to drape over the front of the platform.

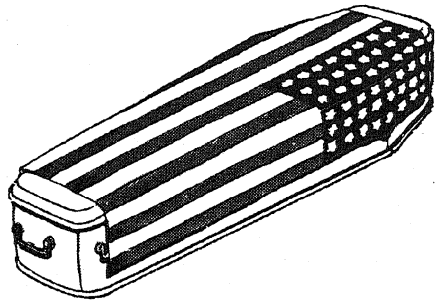


11. **When used in connection with the unveiling of a statue or monument,** the flag should form a distinctive feature during the ceremony; but the flag itself should never be used as a covering for a statue.



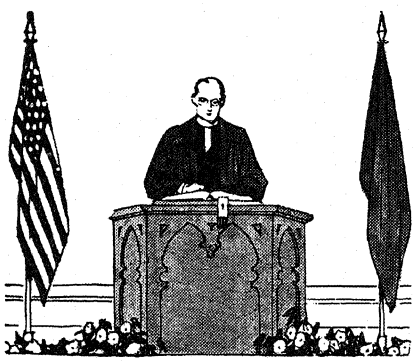
12. **When flown at half-staff** the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-staff position; but before lowering the flag for the day it should be raised again to the peak. By half-staff is meant hauling down the flag to one-half the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. If local conditions require, divergence from this position is permissible. On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag is displayed at half-staff from sunrise until noon and at full staff from noon until sunset; for the nation lives and the flag is the symbol of the living nation.

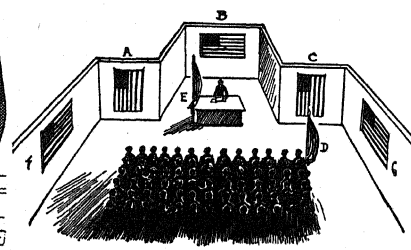
13. **Flags flown from fixed staffs** are placed at half-staff to indicate mourning. When the flag is displayed on a small staff, as when carried in parade, mourning is indicated by attaching two streamers of black crepe to the spear head, allowing the streamers to fall naturally. Crepe is used on the flag-staff only by order of the President.



FOOT

14. **When used to cover a casket** the flag should be placed so that the union is at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave nor allowed to touch the ground. The casket should be carried foot first.





15. **When the flag is displayed in the body of the church** it should be from a staff placed in the position of honor at the congregation's right as they face the clergyman. The service flag, the state flag, or other flag, should be at the left of the congregation. If in the chancel or on the platform, the flag of the United States of America should be placed at the Clergyman's right as he faces the congregation, and the other flags at his left.

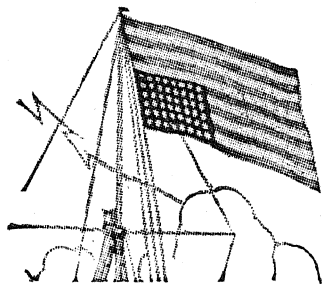


16. When the flag is in such a condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside or used in any way that might be viewed as disrespectful to the national colors, but it should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning or by some other method in harmony with the reverence and respect we owe to the emblem representing our country.

CAUTIONS

1. Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the flag of the United States of America.

2. Do not dip the flag of the United States of America to any person or any thing. The regimental color, state flag, organization or institutional flag will render this honor.



3. Do not display the flag with the union down, except as a signal of distress.

4. Do not place any other flag or pennant above or, if on the same level, to the right of the flag of the United States of America.

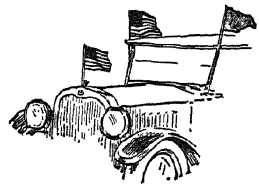


5. Do not let the flag touch the ground or the floor, or trail in the water.

6. Do not place any object or emblem of any kind on or above the flag of the United States of America.

7. Do not use the flag as drapery in any form whatsoever. Use bunting of blue, white and red.

8. Do not fasten the flag in such manner as will permit it to be easily torn.



9. Do not drape the flag over the hood, top, sides or back of a vehicle, or of a railway train or boat. When the flag is displayed on a motor car the staff should be affixed firmly to the chassis, or clamped to the radiator cap.

10. Do not display the flag on a float in a parade except from a staff.

11. Do not use the flag as a covering for a ceiling.

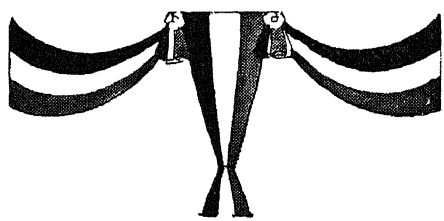
12. Do not carry the flag flat or horizontally, but always aloft and free.

13. Do not use the flag as a portion of a costume or of an athletic uniform. Do not embroider it upon cushions or handkerchiefs nor print it on paper napkins or boxes.

14. Do not put lettering of any kind upon the flag.

15. Do not use the flag in any form of advertising nor fasten an advertising sign to a pole from which the flag is flown.

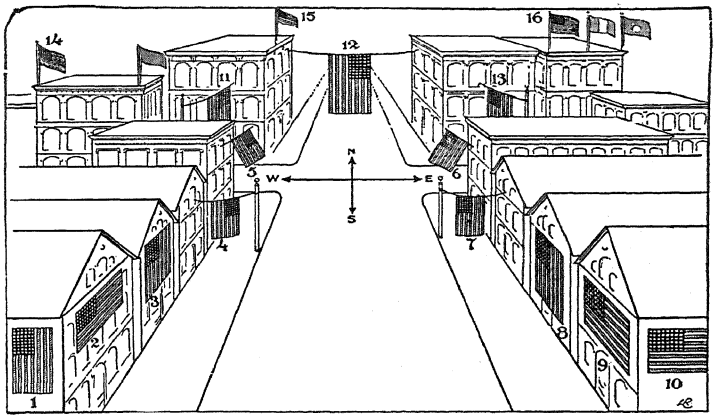
16. Do not display, use or store the flag in such a manner as will permit it to be easily soiled or damaged.



Proper use of bunting. Bunting of the national colors should be used for covering a speaker's desk, draping over the front of a platform and for decoration in general. Bunting should be arranged with the blue above, the white in the middle and the red below.



Salute to the flag. During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right hand salute. When not in uniform, men should remove the headdress with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. The salute to the flag in the moving column is rendered at the moment the flag passes.



The above cut shows the different positions of the flag used in street decoration and on buildings.

Figures 1, 2, 3, 8, 9 and 10 refer to rule 8.

Figures 4, 5, 6 and 7 refer to rule 7.

Figures 11, 12 and 13 refer to rule 9.

Figures 14 and 16 refer to rule 6.

SALUTE WHEN GIVING THE PLEDGE

In pledging allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, the approved practice in schools, which is suitable also for civilian adults, is as follows:

Standing with the right hand over the heart, all repeat together the following pledge:

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands: One Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

According to Congressional resolution, December 22, 1942, the pledge of allegiance should "be rendered by standing with the right hand over the heart. However, civilians will always show full respect to the flag when the pledge is given by merely standing at attention, men removing the headdress. Persons in uniform shall render the military salute."

DISPLAY OF FLAG AT NIGHT

There is no positive regulation or law against this. At military posts it is customary to display the flag only between reveille and retreat. Military regulations provide that the time of flying the colors is entirely under the jurisdiction of the commanding officer of the post. The weight of authority seems to be it is permissible to fly the flag at night on special occasions for the purpose of patriotic effect only and not connected in any way with advertising and the flag is lighted so as to be visible. This would seem to apply to parades, games, and assemblies. It would not apply to the use of the flag at night on buildings and flagstaffs in the open.

School Laws on Patriotism

672. Applies to all Elementary Schools. [72-1102] All elementary schools in this state, whether public, private or parochial, shall use the English language exclusively as the medium of instruction. (L. 1919, ch. 257, sec. 1.)

673. Courses Specified. [72-1103] All schools, public, private or parochial, shall provide and give a complete course of instruction to all pupils, in civil government, and United States history, and in patriotism and the duties of a citizen, suitable to the elementary grades; in addition thereto, all high schools, public, private or parochial, shall give a course of instruction concerning the government and institutions of the United States, and particularly of the constitution of the United States; and no student shall be graduated from such schools who has not taken and satisfactorily passed such course. (L. 1919, ch. 257, sec. 2; L. 1925, ch. 224, sec. 1; May 28; R. S. Supp. 1930.)

674. Special Requirements to Obtain Teacher's Certificate. [72-1103a] All persons granted certificates to teach in the public schools of this state shall be required to pass a satisfactory examination in the subjects referred to in section 1 hereof. (L. 1925, ch. 224, sec. 2; R. S. Supp. 1930.)

675. Power of Visitation. [72-1104] The state board of education shall have the power of visitation to see that the provisions of this act are complied with, and if it be found that any provision of this act is being violated, the state board shall order such school forthwith to comply with this act, and if such order be not complied with within thirty days after such order, excluding vacation periods, then the state board shall be authorized to order such school to be closed, and the county attorney of the county, where such school is located, or the attorney general of the state of Kansas, at the election of the state board of education, shall enforce the orders of the board by action in the name of the state on his relation or the relation of such board of education. (L. 1919, ch. 257, sec. 3.)

676. Violations of sections 72-1102, 72-1103. [72-1105] That any person who shall violate any of the provisions of sections 1 or 2 of chapter 257 of the Laws of 1919, being an act entitled "An act in relation to instruction in public, private or parochial schools, and providing for the enforcement thereof," either as a teacher in such school or as a member of any district board, board of education, board of trustees or other person or persons establishing or maintaining any such school or schools in violation of said chapter 257 of the Laws of 1919, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a period of not less than ten days nor more than ninety days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. (L. 1921, ch. 226, sec. 1.)

718. Duty to Purchase and Display Flag. [72-5304] That it shall be the duty of the district boards or boards of education of every public, or pro-

prietor of a private or parochial school in the several cities, counties, districts and school districts of this state to purchase a suitable United States flag, flagstaff and the necessary appliances therefor, and to display such flag upon or near the public, private or parochial school building or grounds belonging thereto in which school is held during school hours, and at such other times as such district boards, boards of education or proprietors may direct. (L. 1919, ch. 274, sec. 1.)

719. Flag for Each Room. [72-5305] That it shall be the duty of the said school directors, or boards of education of every public, or proprietor of a private or parochial school in the several cities, counties, districts and school districts of this state to purchase a suitable United States flag for each and every room of their respective school building or buildings and to keep such United States flag or flags in display in each such schoolroom or rooms during the school hours and at such other times as such school directors or boards of education may direct. (L. 1919, ch. 274, sec. 2.)

720. Rules and Regulations for Care and Display of Flag. [72-5306] That the said district board or boards of education or proprietor of a private or parochial school shall establish rules and regulations for the proper custody, care and display of the said United States flag, and, when the weather will not permit it to be otherwise displayed, it shall be placed conspicuously in the principal room in the schoolhouse. (L. 1919, ch. 274, sec. 3.)

721. Duty of County Superintendents. [72-5307] That it shall be the duty of the county superintendent of public instruction in each county of the state of Kansas to notify the principal or proprietor of such public, private or parochial school, having charge of such school buildings and grounds, to observe the provisions of section 1 of this act, and if after such notification the said principal or proprietor of such public, private or parochial school shall fail to comply therewith for a period of thirty days, such principal or proprietor of such public, private or parochial school shall be judged guilty of misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not less than $1 nor more than $5 for each thirty days thereafter that he shall continue to neglect to obey the provisions of this act. (L. 1919, ch. 274, sec. 4.)

722. Flag of Bolshevism, Anarchy and Radical Socialism. [21-1305] That hereafter it shall be a felony for any person or persons, organizations or body of persons to fly, to carry, to exhibit, or to display, or to assist in carrying, exhibiting or displaying in this state any red flag, standard or banner distinctive of bolshevism, anarchy, or radical socialism, or any flag, standard or banner of any color or design that is now or may hereafter be designated by any bolshevistic, anarchistic or radical socialistic group, body, association or society of persons as the flag, standard or banner of bolshevism, anarchism or radical socialism. (L. 1919, ch. 184, sec. 1.)

723. Penalty for Display of Forbidden Flag. [21-1306] That any person or persons who shall violate any provision of section 1 of this act shall, upon conviction of such violation, be punished by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of not less than eighteen (18) months nor more than three (3) years. (L. 1919, ch. 184, sec. 2.)

724. Desecrating Flag of United States. [21-1301] Any person who in any manner, for exhibition or display, shall place, or cause to be placed, any

word, figure, mark, picture, design, drawing, or any advertisement of any nature, upon any flag, standard, color or ensign of the United States of America, or shall expose or cause to be exposed to public view any such flag, standard, color or ensign upon which shall be printed, painted, or otherwise placed, or to which shall be attached, appended, affixed, or annexed, any word, figure, mark, picture, design, or drawing, or any advertisement of any nature; or who shall expose to public view, manufacture, sell, expose for sale, give away, or have in possession for sale or to give away, or for use for any purpose, any article or substance, being an article of merchandise or a receptacle of merchandise, upon which shall have been printed, painted, attached or otherwise placed a representation of any such flag, standard, color, or ensign, to advertise, call attention to, decorate, mark or distinguish the article or substance on which so placed; or who shall publicly mutilate, deface, defile, or defy, trample upon, or cast contempt, either by words or act, upon any such flag, standard, color, or ensign, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall upon conviction be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than thirty days, or both. (L. 1905, ch. 208, sec. 1; March 4.)

Blacksmith shop is public place within section. The State v. Shumaker, 103 K. 741.
Previous contemptuous language may be shown in evidence. The State v. Shumaker, 103 K. 741.
Particular language held punishable. The State v. Shumaker, 103 K. 741.

725. Duty of State Superintendent. [72-5308] It shall be the duty of the state superintendent of public instruction of this state to prepare for use of the public schools of the state a program providing for a salute to the flag at the opening of each day of school, and such other patriotic exercises as may be deemed by him to be expedient, under such regulations and instructions as may best meet the varied requirements of the different grades in such schools. It shall also be his duty to make special provision for the observance in such public schools of Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, Memorial day (May 30); and Flag day (June 14), and such other legal holidays of like character as may be hereafter designated by law. (L. 1907, ch. 319, sec. 3.)

726. Patriotic Exercises. [72-5309] The state superintendent of public instruction is hereby authorized and directed to procure and provide the necessary and appropriate instructions for developing and encouraging such patriotic exercises in the public schools; and the state printer is hereby authorized and directed to do such printing and binding as may become necessary for the efficient and faithful carrying out of the purposes of this act. (L. 1907, ch. 319, sec. 4.)

727. Display Flag Mother's Day. [75-115] The governor of this state is hereby authorized and requested to issue annually a proclamation calling upon our state officials to display the United States flag on all state and school buildings and the people of the state to display the flag at their homes, lodges, churches, places of business and other suitable places, on the second Sunday in May, known as Mother's Day. (L. 1923, ch. 253, sec. 1.)

728. State Flag. [73-701] That a state flag be and the same is hereby adopted to be used on every and all occasions, when the state is officially represented, with the privilege of the use by all citizens on all fitting and appropriate occasions which shall be authorized by state authorities. (L. 1927, ch. 281, sec. 1; R. S. Supp. 1930.)

729. Description; Form, and Make-up. [73-702] That the official state flag of the state of Kansas shall be a rectangle of dark-blue silk or bunting, three and six-tenths feet on the staff by five and sixty-five one-hundredths feet fly. The great seal of the state of Kansas, without its surrounding band of lettering, shall be located in the center of the rectangle and surrounded by a crest. The seal shall be two and thirty-two hundredths feet in diameter. The crest to be on a wreath or an azure, a sunflower slipped proper, which divested of its heraldic language is a sunflower as torn from its stalk in its natural colors on a bar of twisted gold and blue. The crest shall be six-tenths of one foot in diameter; the wreath shall be seventy-eight one hundredths of one foot in length. Larger or smaller flags will be of the same proportional dimensions. The colors in the seal shall be as follows: Stars, silver; hills, purple; sun, deep yellow; glory, light yellow; sky, yellow and orange from hills half way to motto, upper half, azure; grass, green; river, light blue; boat, white; house, dark brown; ground, brown; wagons, white; near horse, white; off horse, bay; buffalo, dark, almost black; motto, white; scroll, light brown. (L. 1927, ch. 281, sec. 2; R. S. Supp. 1930.)

730. State Banner. [73-703] That a state banner be and the same is hereby adopted to be used on every and all occasions, when the state is officially and publicly represented, with the privilege of the use by all citizens on all fitting and appropriate occasions authorized by the state authorities. (L. 1925, ch. 290, sec. 1; Feb. 27, R. S. Supp. 1930.)

731. Description; Form and Make-up. [73-704] That the official state banner of the state of Kansas provided for in section 1 of this act shall be of solid blue, and shall be of the same tint as the color of the field of the United States flag, whose width shall be three-fourths of its length, with a sunflower in the center, having a diameter one-third of the space of the banner, enclosing and surrounding with its petals the state seal of Kansas; above the sunflower is the word Kansas, in letters one-eighth of the length of the banner. Service banners may be made of bunting or other material of such sizes required, all conforming to the proportionate specifications. (L. 1925, ch. 290, sec. 2; R. S. Supp. 1930.)

732. Insignia of Military Organizations Not to be Worn by Nonmembers; Penalty. [21-1307] Whoever, not being a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of the Grand Army of the Republic, of the Sons of Veterans, of the Woman's Relief Corps, of the Union Veterans Union, of the Union Veteran Legion, of United Spanish War Veterans, of the Military Order of the Foreign Wars of the United States, or of the American Legion, of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion, the American Officers of the Great War or the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, willfully wears the insignia, distinctive ribbons or membership rosette or button or any imitation thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not more than twenty dollars or by imprisonment for not more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. (L. 1889, ch. 129, sec. 1; L. 1921, ch. 259, sec. 1; L. 1931, ch. 177, sec. 1.)

Our National Anthem

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

Francis Scott Key wrote the greater part of "The Star Spangled Banner" in a few minutes, on the back of an unfinished letter, and completed the stanzas that evening in a Baltimore hotel. It was first sung in public by an actor, Ferdinand Durany, at Baltimore.

The composition immediately became popular, was played at the Battle of New Orleans, and is now played each evening at flag-lowering in every American fort and garrison and on every American battleship throughout the world.

National Hymns

AMERICA

BEST known of all our national airs is "America." Its simple melody and its lofty words make a powerful appeal to our loyalty. It suits all phases of our national life—joy, grief, peace, or war, and it carries an expression of religious trust grateful to the heart of man. There must be something more than ordinarily inspiring in an air that has caught and held the hearts of three great nations—England, Germany, and our own country.

As early as 1779 this melody was adapted to our needs by a Dutch woman, who fitted to it ten verses dedicated to the thirteen states, for the sailors of the five American vessels then at Amsterdam.

In 1831 the Reverend Samuel F. Smith had a number of old German music books given him, and one leisure day, in looking them over, came across "God Save the King," or "Bundes-Lied," as it is called in Germany. Inspired by patriotism and the chant-like melody, he took up his pen and wrote "America." It was, Mr. Smith says, "struck out at a sitting" without a thought that it would ever attain to such popularity.

"America" was first sung at a children's celebration in Boston, July 4, 1833. The writer regretted not having taken more pains with the words, but the American people find nothing lacking in their immortal hymn.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

REV. DR. S. F. SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

These stanzas, with two others, were written by Mr. Smith some time after the four original stanzas of America which are familiar to all. They deserve to be sung in every school in the land:

Our Glorious Land today
'Neath Education's sway,
 Soars upward still.
Its halls of learning fair,
Whose bounties all may share,
Behold them everywhere,
 On vale and hill!

Thy safeguard, Liberty,
The school shall ever be—
 Our Nation's pride!
No tyrant hand shall smite,
While with encircling might
All here are taught the Right
 With Truth allied.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

"America the Beautiful" was written in its original form, more literary and ornate than the present version, in the summer of 1893. I was making my first trip west. After visiting at Chicago the World's Fair, where I was naturally impressed by the symbolic beauty of the White City, I went on to Colorado Springs. Here I spent three weeks or so under the purple range of the Rockies, which looked down with surprise on a summer school. This had called to its faculty several instructors from the east, Doctor Rolfe coming from Cambridge to teach Shakespeare, Professor Todd from Am-

herst for lectures on astronomy, Professor Katharine Coman from Wellesley for a course in economics. My own subject, which seemed incongruous enough under that new and glowing sky, was English religious drama.

We strangers celebrated the close of the session by a merry expedition to the top of Pike's Peak, making the ascent by the only method then available for people not vigorous enough to achieve the climb on foot nor adventurous enough for burro-riding. Prairie wagons, their tail-boards emblazoned with the traditional slogan, "Pike's Peak or Bust," were pulled by horses up to the half-way house, where the horses were relieved by mules. We were hoping for half an hour on the summit, but two of our party became so faint in the rarefied air that we were bundled into the wagons again and started on our downward plunge so speedily that our sojourn on the peak remains in memory hardly more than one ecstatic gaze. It was then and there, as I was looking out over the sea-like expanse of fertile country spreading away so far under those ample skies, that the opening lines of the hymn floated into my mind. When we left Colorado Springs the four stanzas were penciled in my notebook, together with other memoranda, in verse and prose, of the trip. The Wellesley work soon absorbed time and attention again, the notebook was laid aside, and I do not remember paying heed to these verses until the second summer following, when I copied them out and sent them to the *Congregationalist*, where they first appeared in print, July 4, 1895. The hymn attracted an unexpected amount of attention. It was almost at once set to music by that eminent composer, Silas G. Pratt, and republished, with his setting, in "Famous Songs," issued in 1895, by the Baker and Taylor Company. Other tunes were written for the words, and so many requests came to me, with still increasing frequency, to permit its use in various publications and for special services that, in 1904, I rewrote it, trying to make the phraseology more simple and direct.

The new form first appeared in the *Evening Transcript* of Boston, November 19, 1904. After the lapse of a few years, during which the hymn had run the gauntlet of criticism, I changed the wording of the opening quatrain of the third stanza. The hymn as printed is the final version. The words have been fitted to various old tunes, as those of "Auld Lang Syne," "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" and "O Mother Dear Jerusalem." To this last, "Materna," by S. A. Ward, in many

hymnals and well known throughout the country, "America the Beautiful" is at present most often sung.

That the hymn has gained, in these twenty odd years, such a hold as it has upon our people, is clearly due to the fact that Americans are at heart idealists, with a fundamental faith in human brotherhood.—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

SPECIAL DAYS

THE special days may be grouped into two main divisions, the social and religious group and the historical and patriotic group. A very few of them may be correctly regarded as holidays when the schools will not be in session. In this latter group are Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, Memorial Day, and such other days as the customs of the community demand.

One educator has said that the special day is a teaching device. Certainly they may be regarded as special-purpose days, for they give an opportunity to motivate and intensify regular school work. They should never be celebrated by dismissing school, thus making them days of idleness and pleasure seeking, but should be used to bring to the children the truths in social relationships, historical interests, and moral behavior which the special days carry.

Some of these days are of less importance and significance than others; for these it is suggested that a ten- or fifteen-minute program presented at opening exercise time will be sufficient or it may be that the material on the day can be presented in the English recitation.

Other days, such as Armistice Day, Kansas Day, and Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, are worthy of formal programs occupying a full quarter of the day. On these days the teacher and the pupils should decorate the schoolroom appropriately and arrange just as suitable a setting as possible for the rendition of their program.

No mention has been made in this book of such days as Halloween, Valentine, etc., inasmuch as teachers can easily find a wealth of material for their recognition in the magazines and other school helps. However, these days give an opportunity for the school to profitably engage in wholesome fun and good cheer.

Labor Day

The first Monday in September is Labor Day. In all countries men are honored who achieve distinction in any honest line of endeavor. In America perhaps more than in most other countries we honor the man who labors.

"He mines our coal and cuts down our wood. He grows our food and makes our clothes. He builds our houses, our schools, our hospitals, our public buildings, our factories. He lays out our parks and playgrounds. He lays our water and gas pipes. He puts up our telegraph and telephone poles and wires. He helps to build our subways and our railroads. We could not live without the help of the man who labors with his hands.

"To this contribution of the workman must be added equipment in order to have production.

"The employer furnishes this equipment, or machinery of production, by giving his capital and his business judgment.

"Thus, the workman and the employer are both necessary to production, and so to life."—*Service.*

WORK

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;
 Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
 And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song;
 There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
 Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
 And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
 Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
 Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;
For are we not created rife
 With health, that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
 Where idleness and plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread
 As those who earn the meals they eat.

The man is never half so blest
 As when the busy day is spent
So as to make his evening rest
 A holiday of glad content.

—*Selected.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
 Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
 That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
 They gather the elderbloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
 In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
 On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
 And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
 Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at nighttime are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
 The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
 The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*Mary H. Krout.*

The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way, a lion is in the streets.

As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed.

The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. —*Proverbs 26:13-16.*

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame. —*Proverbs 10:4-5.*

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

EDGAR A. GUEST

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousand that prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

(Permission by *Reilly & Lee Co.*, Publishers, Chicago.)

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS AND LABOR

EPES SARGENT

The camp has had its day of song;
The sword, the bayonet, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plow, the anvil, and the loom.
O, not upon our tented fields
Are freedom's heroes bred alone.
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than war has known!

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with the heart as valiant smite,
As he who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might!
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

* Let Labor, then, look up and see
His craft no path of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle yet shall be
Less honored than the woodman's ax.
Let art his own appointing prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward height
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still,
When men this sacred truth shall heed,
That, from the thought and from the will,
Must all that raises man proceed.
Though pride should hold our calling low,
For us shall duty make it good;
And we from truth to truth shall go,
Till life and death are understood.

LABOR

FRANCIS OSGOOD

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark! how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from our Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth:
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lead us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillows;
Work,—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
 Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod.
Work for some good,—be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower,—be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

 Be strong!
We are not here to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle, face it; 'tis God's gift.

 Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not! Fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—*Babcock.*

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides better than by giving them fortunes.—*Whately.*

WORKING MAN'S SONG

CHAS. MACKAY

Who lacks for bread of daily work
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do and stores of health,
The man's unworthy to be free
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No; let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great;
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our need,
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, our weight, our powers.
The more we work, the more we win;
Success to Trade!
Success to Spade,
And to the corn that's coming in;
And joy to him who, o'er his task,
Remembers toil is Nature's plan;
Who working thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humble wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
And leisure when his work is done,
To read his book
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting sun;
Who toils, as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free;
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

Pull away cheerily, work with a will!
Day after day every task should be done!
Idleness bringeth us trouble and ill,
Labor itself is some happiness won!
Work with the heart and work with the brain,
Work with the hands and work with the will!
Step after step we shall reach the high plain;
Then pull away cheerily, work with a will.

WORK: A SONG OF TRIUMPH

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep.
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills.
Doing whatever the spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

(From "The Hour Has Struck," by Angela Morgan, Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. Used by special permission of the author.)

A NATION'S BUILDERS

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

(Used by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co.)

TOIL'S GRANDEUR

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD

Toil and the arm grows strong,
Sluggards are ever weak;
Toil and the earth gives forth
Riches to those that seek.
Toil and the eye grows keen,
Sure is the woodman's stroke;
With skill the craftsman molds
Wonders from steel and rock.
Not from the idler's dream
Flows yonder miller's stream,
Nor from the braggart's boast
Gleams yonder guarded coast.

Toil and the heart grows light,
Trembles the earth with song,
Flowing in thrilling notes,
From the vast toiling throng.
Up from the plains of waste,
Cities triumphant loom;
Where the fierce panther crouched.
Gardens of beauty bloom.
Not from the striker's moan
Have our great wastes been sown,
Nor from the coward's gun
Did the fierce savage run.

Toil and the mind grows clear,
To the great work of God;
Flow'rs of contentment spring,
Bright'ning our earthen road;
Dearer becomes the land
That we so proudly till,
Stouter our bulwarks loom,
Daring invading skill.
Not in the lawless hind
Can we a patriot find,
Nor with the godless hand,
Dare we entrust our land.

Ever a nation's boast—
Bulwarks around her coast;
Ever a country's gain—
Toilers with hands or brain.

All are architects of Fate, working in these walls of time.

* * * *

Our todays and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.

* * * *

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between.

* * * *

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

—*Longfellow.*

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—*Lowell.*

"Isn't it funny, that princes and kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings
And common folks like you and me
Are builders of Eternity?
Each is fitted with a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules,
And each must make, ere the day is done,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

A prayer more than the prayer of saint
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long tasks of toil.

—*Songs of the Toiler*

Constitution Day

September 17

ON THIS September day in 1787 George Washington, president of the Constitutional Convention, signed the Constitution for the United States of America, which had at last been drawn up after four months of stormy debate.

In a little more than half a year after this date it was ratified by the requisite number of nine states and became the fundamental law of the land.

PREAMBLE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

BIRTHDAY OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; let it become the political religion of the Nation.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

FOR OUR COUNTRY—A PRAYER

Almighty God, we make earnest our prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And, finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that character, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee. Amen.—*George Washington.*

SOME OF THE THINGS THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES DOES

Establishes a stable and responsible government.

Makes one a citizen of the United States, if native born.

Makes one a citizen, if foreign born, when naturalized.

Allows one a voice in government through the officials whom he helps to elect.

Guarantees liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Defends one's rights against wrongs and violations of law.

Makes all men equal under the law.

Confirms religious freedom and liberty of conscience.

Accords lawful speech.

Guarantees to all the right of peaceable assembly.

Permits petitions to the government to right wrongs.

Prohibits the government from taking personal property without due process of law.

Permits any one to hold any office in the gift of the nation for which he is qualified.

Enables one to become a citizen of any state.

Prevents one from being held to answer to a complaint unless he has been lawfully accused.

Insures one the right of trial by a jury of his fellow men.

Grants one the right of habeas corpus.

Assures one a speedy trial.

Permits one to have counsel for defense.

Prevents one being tried again if once acquitted.

Permits one to have a trial in the state and district in which he may be charged with an offense against the laws.

Forbids excessive bail.

Forbids excessive fines or cruel punishments.

Protects one from slavery in any form.

Keeps any state from depriving one of his constitutional rights.

Secures any home from search except by lawful warrant.

Guarantees that the legal obligation of contracts shall not be impaired.

Permits one to participate in amending the constitution from time to time.

Prevents one being denied the right to vote by reason of race, color or sex.

Frances E. Willard Day

September 28

ORIGIN OF THE DAY

IN 1915 the legislature enacted the following bill: "Frances Willard Day in public schools (Senate bill No. 432), An act designating Frances Willard Day in the public schools of the state, and requiring instruction and appropriate exercises relative to the history and benefits of prohibition upon said day."

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the state of Kansas:

SECTION 1. That September 28 or the school day nearest that date, shall be set apart and designated as "Frances Willard Day," and in every public school in the state of Kansas, one quarter of the school day shall be set apart for instruction and appropriate exercises relative to the history and benefits of the prohibitory amendment to the constitution and the prohibitory laws of the state of Kansas. It shall be the duty of all state, county, city and school district officers and of all public-school teachers in the state to carry out the provisions of this act.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the statute book.

Approved March 8, 1915.

This was the culmination of the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Kansas to keep the boys and girls of Kansas in all the years to come familiar with the circumstances connected with the adoption of the prohibitory amendment of 1880 which was familiar history to the older people.

Thirty-five years had elapsed since the adoption of the amendment and the younger generation, never having known the saloon, could not fully appreciate the difference in conditions, and how much of the prosperity of Kansas is due to the absence of the legalized liquor traffic.

For several years the Woman's Christian Temperance Union discussed the advisability of having one day in the school year devoted to the study of the prohibitory amendment and its beneficent results. Mrs. Shreves, of Winfield, an enthusiastic white-ribbon worker in connection with the public schools, found much sentiment in favor of such a day, and the state convention of 1914 approved such legislation and the state president, Mrs. Lillian Mitchner, took steps to have a bill introduced providing for such instruction by legal enactment.

After much consideration as to the particular day which should be chosen it was decided that no more fitting day could be chosen than the birthday of Frances E. Willard, a successful educator as well as the greatest leader in general temperance and prohibition movements of this country, and the founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Thus, September 28 was designated and the day named Frances E. Willard Day.

A bill was prepared and introduced in the senate by Senator L. P. King, of Cowley county, and largely through his efforts, with the help of some splendid men in the House, the bill known as the "Frances Willard Day in the Public Schools," Senate bill No. 432, was passed and approved March 8, 1915.

After Governor Capper had signed the bill he presented the pen with which he had signed it to Mrs. Lillian M. Mitchner, and she in turn, presented it to Miss Anna A. Gordon, the national president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The combined work of Frances E. Willard and the antisaloon leagues aroused public opinion to the realization of the diminishing efficiency of our workmen, and the coming of the World War in 1917 played a very important part in bringing about the eighteenth amendment to the constitution.

EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

LIQUOR PROHIBITION—1. After one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

The eighteenth amendment was adopted in 1919 and was replaced in 1933 by the twenty-first amendment.

A DOUBLE EMANCIPATION

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species.—*Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., February 22, 1842.*

Columbus Day

October 12

COLUMBUS DAY is a state holiday in more than half the states of the Union. It is an occasion that can well be used for impressing lessons of courage, perseverance and adherence to an ideal. As one of the earliest factors in the making of America, it is worthy of recognition as one of the days we celebrate.

Biographical studies, dramatizations and patriotic songs are suggested as fitting for the observance of the day.

BRAVE COLUMBUS

(Adapted from Joaquin Miller's "Columbus")

(The frightened sailors come from all parts of the ship and cluster around the mate.)

MATE: What means these angry shouts and scowls?

FIRST SAILOR: We have sailed for days and days and there is no land in sight. We are in doubt if we can ever get back home, for how can a ship sail up hill?

SECOND SAILOR: Evidently we are nearing the edge of the earth and will surely drop off into space.

MATE: Do not be frightened, for our Great Admiral is unafraid.

THIRD SAILOR: We will drift to the equator and there, they tell us, the sea is boiling.

FOURTH SAILOR: There are huge monsters in the hot sea that will devour us if we sail near them.

MATE: Our Admiral tells us differently.

FIFTH SAILOR: Even he, himself, does not know where we are, for the very stars are gone and the compass points no longer to the north.

MATE: Be calm, my men, here comes the Admiral and I will speak to him.

COLUMBUS: What! Are the men mutinous?

MATE: My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly weak and wan.
What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?

COLUMBUS: Why, you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on!"

MATE: Why, man, not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.
The very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone.

COLUMBUS: Sail on. Sail on. Sail on and on.

MATE: This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?
COLUMBUS: Sail on. Sail on. Sail on and on.
ALL (recite last verse in unison):
Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On, sail on!"

COLUMBUS

By HELEN L. SMITH

A harbor in a sunny, southern city;
Ships at their anchor, riding in the lee;
A little lad, with steadfast eyes, and dreamy,
Who ever watched the waters lovingly.

A group of sailors, quaintly garbed and bearded;
Strange tales, that snared the fancy of the child,
Of far-off lands, strange beasts, and birds, and people,
Of storm and sea-fight, danger-filled and wild.

And ever in the boyish soul was ringing
The urging, surging challenge of the sea,
To dare,—as these men dared, its wrath and danger,
To learn,—as they, its charm and mystery.

Columbus, by the sunny, southern harbor,
You dreamed the dreams that manhood years made true,
Thank God for men—their deeds have crowned the ages—
Who once were little dreamy lads like you.

WHAT WOULD HE SAY

By CORA ALLEN

If Christopher Columbus
Could see our world today,
Our radio and wireless,
I wonder what he'd say!

If he could see our cities
On a pleasant holiday,
Our airplanes and our autos
What do you s'pose he'd say?

If he could view our shipping,
On ocean and in bay,
Our subways and our railroads,
Just think what he might say!

But if he saw us shirking,
Because we'd rather play
Instead of bravely working,
What *would* Columbus say?

COLUMBUS

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH

How in God's name did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,
Cabot, and Raleigh, too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came,
But, in great Heaven's name,
How he should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste terra firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man should hope to get thither.
E'en if he knew there was another side;
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed I must say, to me.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, "Come along, follow me,
Sail to the west, and the East will be found."
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
From the San Salvador,
Sadder and wiser men
They'd have turned back again;
And that he did not, but did cross the sea
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

By HOPE NELSON

"Ho, sailors!" cried Columbus,
"My words now understand;
I give a velvet doublet
To him who first sights land."
Then eagerly each seaman
The far horizon scanned.

And eagerly, Columbus
Himself watched through the night
A something in the distance
That glimmered, faintly bright.
Appearing, disappearing,
Like torch or candle-light.

And lo! when dawned the morning.
Upon the ocean's sheen
Lay stretched a beauteous island.
All clothed in living green;
The fairest sight the Spaniards
For many a day had seen.

Then all the island people
Ran down upon the shore,
To view the winged sea-monsters
Unknown to them before;
"Ho, seamen!" cried Columbus,
"Quickly the small boat lower."

Right merrily the sailors
Rowed o'er the dancing main,
While floated on the breezes
The royal flag of Spain,
The flag of two red lions,
And golden castles twain.

Oh, joyfully Columbus
Upon the earth knelt down,
And claimed the new-found country
For the Castilian crown,
While gazed in awe-struck wonder
The island people brown.

But for the velvet doublet,
No seaman made demand,
Because they judged Columbus
The first to sight the land,
Since he had first discovered
The light upon the strand.

—*Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

SPIRIT OF COLUMBUS

(By ISABELLA R. HESS, Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

Characters: Spirit of Columbus and Three Girls.

(Girls are seated at a table, schoolbooks outspread before them.)

FIRST GIRL: Goodness, I'm just sick of doing home work!

SECOND GIRL: Sick of it already? Why, we've only been in school a few weeks!

THIRD GIRL: Well, I was sick of it before we started! I think we can learn enough up to three-thirty, without sitting up till ten o'clock every night to learn more!

SECOND GIRL: Why, Susie Brown! You know we could do all the home work we have to do tonight in a half hour! And anyway, my father says if we attended to business during the day we wouldn't have so much to do at night! I guess that's so!

FIRST GIRL: Well, *my* father says if my October card doesn't show any better marks than September's, I won't go to a movie until Christmas! I guess I'll study all October! And it's such a long month, too! Twice as long as September!

THIRD GIRL: And there's hardly an interesting day in it, either!

SPIRIT OF COLUMBUS (dashing in): Is that so! I suppose my day, the 12th, isn't interesting? Well, where would *you* be if I hadn't discovered America?

SECOND GIRL: You! Are you Columbus?

COLUMBUS: I certainly am! Anyway, I was! And I was born on the 12th! And if I hadn't been born I couldn't have sailed west and found America, could I?

FIRST GIRL: But you didn't know you discovered America! You thought it was India! It says so in the history! When did you find out?

COLUMBUS: Never mind, little girl, *when* I found out! I always had a sneaking suspicion about it! Now I know! What I want you to tell me is, whether or not the 12th is interesting. If it isn't I'll tell the School Board to keep the schools open next year!

ALL GIRL: Oh, it *is*, Mr. Columbus! It is!

COLUMBUS (leaving): Humph! Humph! I guess it is!

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the Gray Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
 "Why, say: 'Sail on, Sail on; and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak,"
The stout mate thought of home, a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy check.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget the way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight:
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite;
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

KEEP A-TRYING

(Selected)

Say "I will!" and then stick to it.
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up awhile and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it, heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue.
Do not dim your purpose true
With sighing.
Stand erect, and like a man,
Know "they can who think they can
Keep a-trying!
Had Columbus, half seas o'er
Turned back to his native shore,
Men would not today proclaim
'Round the world his dealthless name.
So must we sail on with him
Past horizons far and dim,
Till at last we own the prize
That belongs to him who tries
With faith undying.
Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
Keep a-trying.

Armistice Day

November 11

In 1921 Congress set aside as a legal public holiday the 11th of November, known as Armistice Day. On this first legal anniversary an unknown American soldier whose body had been brought from the battlefields of France, was buried with impressive honors in the Arlington National Cemetery, just outside our nation's capital. This one soldier represented all the brave American soldiers who had died in the great war. Thus, in honoring him they were honoring all who had made a sacrifice to serve their country.

In view of what has happened since that day we can no longer treat Armistice Day as having reference only to the First World War. It has reference rather to a tremendous world struggle not terminated, as perhaps we once thought, by that war, but continued into an even greater and more terrible struggle—the present World War II. We are in the midst of that now. Armistice Day must come to mean more than ever to us. Let us hope that, whatever we do with it, we may come to understand more fully than ever the great significance of that most famous of all speeches about war, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg.

WHY WE WENT TO WAR

The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal domination of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and made the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.—*Woodrow Wilson's "War Message," delivered April 2, 1917.*

LESSONS OF THE WAR

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[Theodore Roosevelt (1859-1919) entered public life as a member of the New York legislature, fought in the Spanish-American War, and in 1900 was elected Vice-President. On the death of President McKinley, Roosevelt succeeded him in office and was elected President in 1904. During the World War he was an advocate of preparedness and an exponent of uncompromising Americanism, of which this speech, delivered at Chicago, September 8, 1918, is a characteristic example.]

No man could fail to be thrilled by facing an audience like this, and I accept your greeting as not for me personally but for the thing for which I stand—for Americanism, one flag, one country and an undivided loyalty from every man and woman in this land.

We have a double right and double duty in connection with Americanism. On the one hand to suffer no discrimination against any man because of his birth or his creed, and on the other hand to insist that no man has a right to live in this country if he has any of Lot's wife's attitude of looking back toward another country.

In the days of the Revolution we became a nation because Washington and the men who followed him in the field, and the men who signed the Declaration of Independence with him, because those men, although predominantly of English blood, stood straight against England and for America.

That lesson does not teach that we are to hate England. It is a mean and small soul who draws that lesson from it. That lesson teaches that we are to love liberty and to hate wrong, and stand for the right and against the wrong in each crisis as it comes up. The men of English descent in 1776 and in 1812 fought England because England was the foe of liberty and of America. And in just the same way we have a right to demand not as a favor but as a right, that every man of German descent now stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow Americans against the bloody tyranny of the Prussianized autocracy of Germany.

And now in this country the events of the last three years will teach us much if we have the wit to read the lessons aright. There must be in this country one flag, only one flag; one allegiance, and only one allegiance; and one language, and that the language of the Declaration of Independence, of Washington's Farewell Address, of Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech and President Wilson's Message to Congress.

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A HYMN OF PEACE

Angel of Peace thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
Angel of peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet on this altar of time,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea;
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of organ reply—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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THEY LIE IN FRANCE WHERE LILIES BLOOM

They lie in France
Where lilies bloom;
Those flowers pale
That guard each tomb
Are saintly souls
That smiling stand
Close by them in
That martyred land,
And mutely there the long night shadows creep
From quiet hills to mourn for them who sleep,
While o'er them through the dusk go silently
The grieving clouds that slowly drift to sea,
And lately round them moaned the Winter wind
Whose voice, lamenting, sounds so coldly kind,
Yet in their faith those waiting hearts abide
The time when turns forever that false tide.
In France they lie
Those flowers fair
For them made room.
Not vainly placed
The crosses stand
Within that brave
And stricken land;
Their honor lives,
Their love endures,
Their noble death
The right assures
For they shall have their heart's desire
They who, unflinching, brave the fire,
Across the fields, their eyes at last shall see
Through clouds and mist the hosts of victory.

Percival Allen, in the New York Times.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—*Lieut. Col. John D. MacCrae.*

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A PRAYER FOR THE NATION

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee;

Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend.

The strength of every state increase
In union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain;

The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend.

Through all the waiting land proclaim
The gospel of good-will;
And may the joy of Jesus' name
In every bosom thrill.

O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend.

(From "Poems of Henry Van Dyke," copyright 1911, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons, and printed by permission of the publishers.)

"The Spirit of America manifests itself in many ways. We honor the soldier because his lot is a denial of self, and because he offers his life instantly at the word of command. In all ages he has held the passes and borders and beaten down the spoiler—or died in the attempt. He has opened the way into wild and strange lands, and civilization has followed. From the days of Pharaoh he has worn many uniforms, spoken many languages, fought with many kinds of weapons, but our ideal of him has changed but little since the world began.

"It is surely worth while to spread before the eyes of youth a record of the words and deeds of Americans who did not always reckon the cost when they wrought with tongue, pen, or good right arm, to build and keep a government that is more free and generous than anything ever yet seen in the world. It is well worth while to fasten upon the minds of the young certain things that they must know, and which they must not forget. They must learn, first of all, that the priceless inheritance which we now enjoy did not fall from heaven like manna. If they fully realize the great cost, the great value, of our heritage—its great opportunities and possibilities —they will willingly, even joyously, square their own shoulders and carry the weight over the crest of the next hill."

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AMONG THE ARGONNE HILLS

The Argonne hills are white with snow,
And through the valleys down below,
Past icy banks, the brooklets flow;
The leafless woods are still.

Low mounds are scattered here and there,
And crosses raise their mute arms bare,
Like white robed nuns in silent prayer,
Among the Argonne hills.

COVER THEM OVER WITH FLOWERS

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
Sleep where their friends cannot find them today,
They who in mountain and hillside and dell
Rest where they wearied and lie where they fell.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover,
Think of those far away heroes of ours
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

—*Will Carleton.*

AT THE PEACE TABLE

(EDGAR A. GUEST, in Literary Digest)

Who shall sit at the table then, when the terms of peace are made—
The wisest men in the troubled lands, in their silver and gold brocade?
Yes, they shall gather in solemn state to speak for each living race,
But who shall speak for the unseen dead that shall come to the council place?

Though you see them not and you hear them not, they shall sit at the table, too;
They shall throng the room where the peace is made, and know what it is you do;
The innocent dead from the sea shall rise, to stand at the wise man's side,
And over his shoulder a boy shall look—a boy that was crucified.

You may guard the doors of that council hall with barriers strong and stout,
But the dead unbidden shall enter there, and never you'll shut them out.
And the man that died in the open boat, and the babes that suffered worse,
Shall sit at the table when peace is made, by the side of a martyred nurse.

You may see them not, but they'll all be there; when they speak you may fail to hear.
You may think that you're making your pacts alone, but their spirits will hover near;
And whatever the terms of the peace you make with the tyrants whose hands are red,
You must please not only the living here, but must satisfy your dead.

(Used with permission of Reilly and Lee, publishers, Chicago, Ill.)

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—
Wheeled and soared and swung
Here in the sun-lit silence.
Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through the footless halls of air.

Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

—*John G. Magee, Jr.*, 19-year-old American pilot killed in December, 1941, in service with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

ODE TO THE BRAVE

(Written in 1746)

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Then Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray.
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins.*

American Education Week

PURPOSE OF AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

THE PURPOSE of American Education Week is to interpret to the public the aims, needs, and achievements of the schools. An effectively planned observance draws the community together to participate in plans for improving the public welfare through education.

During this week the basis may be laid for coöperation of community and school throughout the year. The week is an important event in an effective, continuing program of school interpretation which seeks not only to inform the public of the schools, but to enlist the participation of all citizens in the improvement of local educational opportunity.

During American Education Week, people of the entire nation focus their attention upon the schools. The newspapers, the magazines, the pulpit, the radio chains—every medium which expresses opinion—help make this annual interpretation of education effective. Although other periods throughout the school year may be devoted advantageously to special efforts to secure similar interest and cooperation on the part of the public, the nation-wide observance of American Education Week strengthens every local school interpretation program, elevating this occasion into a class by itself.

Each year the number of schools and of citizens who participate in the observance of American Education Week throughout the nation increases. The observance is state-wide in a number of states. These furnished excellent material, adapted to local needs, for developing American Education Week programs in the communities of these states.

The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion was created by a recommendation made to and adopted by the national convention held in Minneapolis, Minn., in 1919. The first paragraph of that recommendation was to the effect that the duty of the Americanism Commission was to endeavor to realize in the United States the basic idea of one hundred percent Americanism through the planning, establishment and conduct of a continuous, constructive educational system.

One of the first steps of the Americanism Commission was to seek

the assistance of the National Education Association in establishing an annual event in which the American people might dedicate themselves each year to the ideal of self-government based upon an intelligent citizenry. Out of our negotiations with the National Education Association there was born the idea of American Education Week. The purpose of the week is to interpret to the American public the aims, needs and achievements of our schools. It is to make the people of our nation realize the vital necessity of education if our country is to continue to be a government "of the people, for the people and by the people." In making plans for this observance the Legion and the National Educational Association invited and obtained the coöperation of the United States Office of Education.

It is estimated that last year approximately eight million adult citizens visited the schools of the nation during this week. In New York City alone, 546,403 people met in conferences and took part in the exercises in the city schools. Between three and four thousand communities celebrated the occasion. Thirty-four governors issued special proclamations, calling the attention of all their citizens to American Education Week as an appropriate time to better know their schools.

The Miami National Convention mandated that each post of the American Legion appoint an education committee whose duty it would be to constantly watch the problems of education and cooperate with school officials on plans to better the schools and to work in close harmony in the observance of American Education Week each fall.

PRESERVING AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

Free and universal education is deeply rooted in the ideals of liberty-loving people. America's pioneer statesmen were wise enough to see that ignorance could win only a temporary victory over despotism. They created schools to lay the basis for intelligent cooperation necessary to make democracy a success. A century and a half of building for justice and right to all men has proved the wisdom of those early leaders. Self-government has been maintained by preparing the people to participate in government with loyalty and intelligence.

The present world breakdown is forcing the revaluation of many long-accepted ways of thought and action. The nations are meeting the crisis in different ways. Some have resorted to dictatorship—a type of despotism which the people themselves hope may be tem-

porary. Others have adopted Communism as a way out. Few indeed are the civilized nations which have not made comprehensive changes in government. The people of our own country are now making readjustments of the greatest importance. Our national future depends upon the wisdom and loyalty with which this generation and the next make the decisions which lie ahead. Our people are still engaged in shaping government—in carving out their own destiny. The result will depend upon how well we prepare our people to think straight and to act wisely.

During American Education Week, in the name of all that we hold dear, let every teacher, every school officer, and every citizen join in a renewed dedication to the ideals of democracy and the free public school as the most powerful means for achieving those ideals. Let us study the schools and seek to make them better.—*J. W. Crabtree, Former Secretary National Education Association.*

A popular government without popular information, or the means of securing it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or, perhaps both.—*James Madison.*

THE ENEMY AT THE GATES

If we had a list of public enemies I should put close to the top the names of those who are trying to deflate education. I am not referring to educational costs but to the process of education. Deflation in business and finance brings on panic and hard times. Deflation in education not only impoverishes the cultural, intellectual and vocational life of the individual and closes many doors of opportunity, but brings on inferior citizenship and deterioration of society as a whole.

Aside from food, clothing, and shelter, is there anything that is so indispensable to man as education? Without it he can get little joy or satisfaction out of his personal life. Was it Bacon who once said something to the effect that there are no pleasures that are comparable to the intellectual pleasures? The uneducated person misses them all, and lives in a world barren of ideas and ideals. To deny a person an education is to deprive him of his inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness.—*George H. Dern, Secretary of War.*

GOOD SCHOOLS IN BAD TIMES

When trouble comes we turn to fundamentals. Home becomes dearer. Neighbors and friends mean more. We understand better the mission of the church. We appreciate the services of the school. If schools are a blessing in good times, they are an imperative necessity in bad times. They safeguard the health of the child; they fortify the home; they give hope and encouragement to citizens who are the victims of misfortune but who can take satisfaction that their children are cared for. The schools are ourselves working together in the education of our children. When times are hard we need to make that education better—to take more seriously our common task of preparing the young life.

Times which suggest retrenchment call for increased safeguards for schools. Next to food, clothing and shelter, they stand between us and chaos. Let us preserve and improve our schools. Let us keep the children first.

Taxes are the price we pay as citizens for such services as schools, playgrounds, parks, streets, police, and courts. Whenever we cut taxes we must reduce some of these services to ourselves. Our public services—in proportion to their basic importance—are probably the least expensive services we buy.

FOUR THINGS

HENRY VAN DYKE

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE HELPING AMERICA TO ACHIEVE IN ECONOMIC PROGRESS

The wants of the ignorant savage are few and easily supplied. Educated people want more and better things. Supplying these things is what makes business and industry. Educated people are good customers. Education has increased and refined their wants. It has also increased their skill and earning power. They are able to buy the things they need. It is always the ignorant and unskilled workman whose buying power ceases first in times of depression.

It is easy to think of wealth in material terms alone. It is easy to see only the machine, the factory, the field, the marketplace, and to forget that educated minds have provided the knowledge and skill which make these things.

Modern prosperity is a condition growing out of many activities that can thrive only in a favorable environment. Business cannot be successfully conducted in a country which lacks a stable government. Safety of life and property are indispensable to modern business relations. Business cannot be successfully transacted between those who differ fundamentally in their concepts of right and wrong, justice and equity. Business cannot thrive in an atmosphere of indifference, thriftlessness, or strife. It is the unifying influence of the schools which welds the diverse people of America into an environment favorable to prosperous business and industry.

The schools train the leaders and experts who successfully staff and manage large-scale production and the rapid distribution of produced goods. A nation's wealth of mineral and soil and forest is limited in quantity and quality. It does not increase in value, except as it is effectively employed by man. No generous bounty of nature can make a nation prosperous unless it educates its human resources. It is the increased wants and increased skill of intelligent minds that give value to material things.

The schools themselves are among the nation's biggest business enterprises. They employ nearly 1,000,000 teachers. They represent a capital investment of five-and-one-half billion dollars. They enroll 30,000,000 pupils. They are heavy purchasers of building materials, books, apparatus, and supplies. The $1,165,000,000 paid teachers in annual salaries is a substantial item in the buying power of our people.

But the greatest contribution of the schools to American business and industrial prosperity is not what they use up, but what they give. Their contribution is a permanent one. It is the guarantee of increasing prosperity through the years. Because of education, human resources become more valuable through greater skill and sounder health. Because of education, wants increase and require greater production. Through education men are enabled to produce rapidly enough to supply their greater demands. Because of educated minds and trained hands, men are able to earn enough money with which to purchase their wants. Because of a stable democratic government made possible by education, business and industry thrive. The schools are an indispensable ally of business.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE HELPING AMERICA TO ACHIEVE IN CITIZENSHIP AND LOYALTY TO LAW

The schools make the people one. They are the unifying force in America. There is no state church, no monarchial centralized power; no troops stand guard over our populace. There is no unity of blood in America; for here the people of every race have found a home. There is no universality of language; Americans may and do converse in every tongue by which men speak. No consciousness of a common distant past, no age-old traditions or century-seasoned folk ways bind us to common purposes. Our nation is new, and mingles blood and traditions of every race and clime.

But in city, town, and hamlet, dotting the open prairies and perched on the mountainsides are schools—institutions familiar alike to crowded metropolis and isolated ranch. It is these schools which make our diverse peoples one. It is these schools which blend age-old diverse cultures into the harmonious ideals of a new world. They bind us to a common purpose, and promote love of country in every generation.

The school teaches devotion to the flag, respect for laws and the constitution, admiration for our great national heroes and a knowledge of the nation's struggles for freedom and independence. Without any attempt at centralized control or nation-wide standardization of studies or methods of teaching, almost solely through the increasing professional spirit and organized effort of a great body of devoted teachers, the schools quicken loyalty and devotion to our country's purposes.

The schools teach children of our struggle for independence, of our Constitution, embodying new-found ideals of personal freedom, tempered by a sense of obligation to respect the rights of fellow citizens. In the schools children learn the machinery of government for community, state, and nation, and their rights and duties as citizens. The schools teach the laws, and inspire loyalty to law as a means of achieving personal happiness and national prosperity and peace.

The school is democracy's substitute for the scepter and sword, for the arbitrary power of kings and the domination of arms that were the resort of the past to weld peoples into national unity. Responsible citizenship begins with education in loyalty to ideals expressed in law. The stability and permanence of the nation depend upon the unifying influence of the schools. It is the schools that make the people one.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE HELPING AMERICA TO ACHIEVE IN THE IMPROVEMENT OF RURAL LIVING

The soil is a treasure house of wealth. From it have come the human riches of many great national leaders in politics, business, and the professions. Each year the farm sends an army of vigorous young men and women to turn the wheels of industry. Each year the farms pours fresh blood into the devitalized stream of city life.

At the threshold of an industrial age, 40 percent of our people still depend upon the farm for a living, while the whole nation depends upon agriculture for food. The farm plays a most vital part in our national life. Its resources are too valuable to waste.

Both the personal and material contributions of the farm to American life have been enriched by the rural schools, poor as they are. These neglected institutions have been the center of rural culture and an inspiration to achievement through the years. The teachers, of sound character, though poorly qualified in training, have labored to serve. They have done much good work.

Upon the rural schools of today devolves a perplexing and challenging task. They must educate youth for the farm revolution that must inevitably counterpart the revolution in industry brought about by the machine.

Education for agriculture is not wholly training for effectiveness in crop raising and animal husbandry. Farming is a way of life. It is an adaptation to the limitations and the advantages of a special environment. Rural education will change the spirit of independent action that isolation has permitted to develop. Coöperation is the first and last principle of every activity of industry and business. Urban people have learned to work together on their enterprises. Farmers must learn to coöperate in the production and distribution of the crops. They must learn to work together to make rural life attractive.

The rural schools will help the farm achieve these ideals. In order to help effectively they must be more generously supported financially than they now are. This support will be accomplished through the adoption of just methods of taxation, and equalization funds which will enable all citizens to contribute toward the expense of educating all children.

The rural school of tomorrow will offer something more than vocational training. It will vitalize every phase of farm living. It will be a health center equipped to build health habits in children, and to offer the services of medical clinics to young and old. It will

teach home planning and design that will instill in farm people a lifelong interest in learning, and will provide the means with which to satisfy it, such as libraries, lectures, music, and winter evening schools.

The new rural school will educate for the new conditions of life. It will not turn the dreams of ambitious youth to the city as the only challenge for worthy achievement. It will find great work to do on the farm and will encourage farm boys and girls to do it well.

Because the new school will create higher standards of living on the farm, it will greatly increase the demand for the products of industry. It will stimulate American business as no other single force can do. Our greatest undeveloped markets are among our own people who are now underaverage consumers.

The new rural school will give rural children a fair start in life. It will make the farm a more attractive place in which to live. It will stimulate the material prosperity and happiness of the nation.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS ARE HELPING AMERICA TO ACHIEVE THROUGH HIGH IDEALS OF CHARACTER AND HOME LIFE

We tend to become part of our surroundings. The community largely influences our lives. From afar, through press and radio, the rumbling of the world's activities reaches our community, just as the roar of street traffic is continually heard in the city home. Some of these activities touch our lives; most of them pass and are forgotten.

The morals, customs, habits of our fellows are those which we adopt. Our aspirations, our ideals, our religion are likely to be drawn from those commonly accepted around us. How fortunate we are to live in a community where life has been cultivated and enriched by the elevating influences of good homes, good churches, and good schools!

Sound character is based upon high ideals and wholesome habits. Both are acquired from the earliest years. Our home, our churches, and our schools coöperate in building character.

To lay the foundation is the privilege of the home. The strength of the home is parental and filial love. The spirit of generosity and unselfishness has its beginnings in the sharing of the simplest necessities of life. Courtesy, good manners, respect for the rights and property of others grow out of the close relationship of the family.

Habitual obedience to the dictates of law and order begin in the home where it is evident that rules for conduct exist to promote the general welfare of individuals depending upon each other.

The church contributes the sanction of religion to the kind of behavior which the ages have shown promotes the usefulness and happiness of men. The church extends the principles of unselfishness and generosity which the child learned in the home. It teaches brotherhood of all men. It inspires ideals of service to the human race. It magnifies the spiritual and nobler things above the purely physical or trivial. It teaches appreciation for the virtues of courage, patience, and faith.

In the schools the principles taught at home and church are supplemented by precept and example. Direct instruction in ethical conduct and lawful behavior is included in school courses. History affords great characters for emulation. The study of the world's masterpieces of music, literature, and art ennobles the mind.

The school is a great practice field for the building of character. Sympathetic teachers are present to guide and encourage. On the playground, in the classroom, the school assembly, the school club, the school party, the principles of conduct operate under life conditions. Here for the first time the child comes in contact with large numbers of people, less binding ties of dependence upon his associates, and unrelated interests. He reacts to the criticisms of his fellows, frankly spoken. In contact with many others he learns self-reliance. Experience teaches him that if he is to be trusted by his fellows he must be honest; that if he is to enjoy happiness he must help achieve happiness for all.

The school gives a vision of the hopes and needs of mankind and inspires a desire to help make life for all men worthier and happier. It builds character in the skills, the appreciations, the ideals it teaches.

The home, the church, the school furnish for character the foundations upon which life builds the superstructure. Once each year is not too often for these three great institutions to take counsel of one another. American Education Week is an appropriate time.

QUOTATIONS

If there were no education there would be no business. As important as business may be to learning, there could be little business, if any, were it not for education. The caveman feels no need of an electric refrigerator. But lift him up, better him, inspire in him the first feeble spark of curiosity, send him to school. When he emerges he will want an ever-increasing number of things. As he seeks to improve himself the marts of the business world will expand. Most costly of all things in the world is ignorance.—*Willis A Sutton, Former President, National Education Association.*

The schools are responsible in large degree for the great prosperity that has blessed America from the earliest days. Advances in culture and in standards of living are due in great part to advances in education made through the schools, and these advances have led to a great increase in the consumption of goods of every conceivable kind. . . . Production, too, has been increased by education. The complex kind of industry which produces the greatest variety of goods required by our complex civilization must have for its successful operation a great body of trained, educated, adaptable workers.—*William J. Bogan, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.*

Enrichment of life will come through the right use of leisure. Education, both in the lower schools and in adult education, will more and more endeavor to equip for the wise use of leisure, the pursuit of activities which energize rather than enervate the people. —*J. W. Crabtree, Former Secretary, National Education Association.*

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge; but power.—*Charles W. Eliot.*

The object of education is not to enable a man to get on; but to enable him to use rightly the time when he is not engaged in getting on.—*The Archbishop of York.*

A century ago men thought of education as a means of preserving the past—they now think of education as a means of improving the future. Our schools arouse among an increasing number of people the desire for excellence and for happiness. In proportion as we are able to multiply the number of people who really desire excellence and happiness to the point where they are willing to sacrifice, and to work and think and plan for these ends, we are truly a civilized people.—*J. W. Crabtree, Former Secretary, National Education Association.*

To maintain the moral and spiritual fiber of our people, to sustain the skill required to use the tools which great discoveries in science have given us, and hold our national ideals, we must not fail in the support and constant improvement of our school system. Both as the cause and the effect, the maintenance of our complex civilization depends upon it.—*Herbert Hoover.*

SUGGESTION

Each year the National Education Association, Washington, D. C., whose Secretary is Dr. Willard E. Givens, prepares an excellent program for the observance of National Education Week, which occurs about the first week in November. All teachers who look forward to observing this week should soon after school opens in September secure copies of this program. Write to the Secretary, Doctor Givens, as above.

Thanksgiving Day

Last Thursday in November

O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.—*Psalms.*

"The best thanksgiving is thanks-living."

"He who thanks but with lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart."

HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY

(For eight pupils)

(1) The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles.

(2) The first anniversary of the deliverance which raised the siege of Leyden was celebrated in that city, October 3, 1575, as a day of Thanksgiving.

(3) The first national English Thanksgiving was September 8, 1588, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

(4) There have been but two English Thanksgivings in the past century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.

(5) At Plymouth in 1621, the autumn after the arrival of the Pilgrims, a notable Thanksgiving was held. Two years afterwards there was another. The records say that after the fruits and harvests were gathered in, Governor Bradford sent out a company for game to furnish dainty materials for a feast.

(6) The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.

(7) The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were made by Congress during the Revolutionary War.

(8) The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

Children, do you know the story
 Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our pilgrim fathers
 In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
 Wealth and comfort—yes, and more—
Left their homes and friends and kindred,
 For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
 Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
 'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
 Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red man
 Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
 Met their eyes on every hand;
And before the spring had reached them
 They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
 Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects.
 Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient pilgrim mothers,
 As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
 At the full corn in the ear.

So the governor, William Bradford,
 In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all his mercies
 Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
 Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed
 And the colony begun.

And now when in late November
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago;
But for all their struggles gave us
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast or praise or pray,
Should bless God for those brave pilgrims
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE COMPACT OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Made on board the "Mayflower" before landing at Plymouth in 1620. This agreement became the basis for civil government in America.

"In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by ye grace of God, of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland king, defender of ye faith, etc., having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of ye Christian faith and honour of our king and countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant, and combine ourselves together into a civill body politick; for our better ordering, and preservation and furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute, and frame just and equall laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most mete and covenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd ye 11 of November in ye year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie-fourth. Anno Dom. 1620.

"In Witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made Patents; Witness Ourselves at Westminster, ye tenth Day of April, in ye fourth Year of our Reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the nine and thirtieth."

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY

It was in the very early history of our country, when settlements were few and far removed, and the largest towns had only a few hundred inhabitants at most.

In a settlement in Massachusetts, one autumn the people had very little to eat. Indians stole from them, and destroyed fields and gardens. The ships which were expected to bring provisions failed to come. They were too far from any other settlement to secure help.

They were in great despair, and thought they must all die.

A meeting was held, and it was decided that the next day would be spent in fasting and prayer. Not a bite was to be eaten, and every moment spent in supplication.

The night was one of agony, many not sleeping at all. When the morning came the cry "A Ship! A Ship!" rang through the settlement. All hastened to the shore. The men called, but no answer came from the ship, although it was quite near the shore. A few of the men rowed to the ship, and climbed aboard. They disappeared into the ship's hold, but soon reappeared, waving their hands and shouting for joy. The ship was loaded down with provisions and clothing enough for the winter, but not a man was on board.

So the day was turned into thanksgiving instead of fasting.

(Permission of March Brothers, Publishers, Lebanon, Ohio.)

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

The heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er;
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where they first trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THANKSGIVING

HANNAH E. G. ABEY

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
With a mingling of gladness and praise and prayer,
With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,
That the hungry and poor in our thanks may share,
And the scantiest table be freely spread,
And the lip of the mourner a blessing bear.

PEN PICTURE OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

'Tis the morn of the first Thanksgiving,
The air, it is crisp and cold,
The snow lies in drifts in the highways,
The wind is cutting and bold.

From each lowly hut and cottage
Unto the house of prayer,
With rifles upon their shoulders
The pilgrims assembled there.

The dark, dreary winter is ended,
The spring with its soft, gentle rain,
And the warm sunny days of the summer
Had ripened the much-needed grain.

Now each garner is bursting with plenty,
Each heart, too, is filled with great joy.
This winter no famine will haunt them,
No terror their thoughts will employ.

In the bleak little church in the village
Are gathered stern men and fair maids,
Their praises are joyfully ringing
And echo o'er high hills and glades.

Thus passed the first day of Thanksgiving.
With thanks that e'er came from the heart;
And no matter how humble his station,
Each person in them took his part.
—*American History Stories.*

WE OFFER THANKS

For earlier and for later rain,
And seasons with their wonted train;
For bounty given through all the year,
And bins heaped high with harvest cheer.
For fleecy clouds and skies of blue,
For all earth's beauty ever knew;
For all the hopes, which fair and bright,
Attend the morrow's dawning light,
And promise joys for days to be,
We offer thanks, O Lord, To Thee.
—*Selected.*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

We all know that the first winter of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was a terrible one. They nearly perished for want of food, and about half of them died from sickness. But the next season was fruitful; and when the harvest was gathered in, good Governor Bradford proposed to have a day of public praise and thanksgiving. To add to the store of good cheer he sent four skillful hunters to procure game. They came back well loaded, and among the rest brought a number of wild turkeys. It is said that from this fact came the almost universal custom of providing a turkey for the Thanksgiving feast. Here is a poem about that thanksgiving:

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praise because of the yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain,
And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

.

So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees;
And fisherman, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy."
—*Margaret J. Preston.*

THE FEAST-TIME OF THE YEAR

This is the feast-time of the year,
When hearts grow warm and home more dear;
When autumn's crimson torch expires,
To flash again in winter's fires.
And they who tracked October's flight
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmed circles sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze.

This is the feast-time of the year,
When plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.

This is the feast-time of the year,
The blessed advent draweth near;
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Against the time when rich and poor
Must open for Him a common door
Who comes a guest yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

—*Selected.*

(Permission of March Brothers, Publishers, Lebanon, Ohio.)

PAGEANT—KEEPING THANKSGIVING

This series of tableaux requires one child, representing Autumn, and several sets of children to give the scenes. Each scene need not be given by a different set, but by having two or three, change of costume will not interfere with the progress of the exercise. Autumn wears a long robe of dark brown cambric, trimmed with autumn leaves, vines, and so on, and her headdress is a wreath of vines with leaves; about her shoulders is a filmy scarf of smoke-colored and red veiling, with border of leaves. On her arm is a basket of fruit, or she may carry a bunch of fall flowers and foliage.

1. OPENING SONG (school), or recitation by good reader.

THANKSGIVING FOR HARVEST

(Air: "The North Wind Doth Blow")

The harvest is in, the cellar and bin
Are stored with the fruits of the earth;
So let us be gay on Thanksgiving Day,
And keep it with feasting and mirth.

For all the good things the rich Autumn brings,
For all that the harvest can show,
Most thankful we'll be, dear Father, to Thee,
Whose power and love make them grow.

2. THE THANKSGIVING COMMAND.

(Enter Autumn. If a curtain be used for the different tableaux, she may appear between the curtains; if not, she enters from a side room. She recites):

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
—*Henry Alvord.*

(Autumn now steps to one side, and from that position announces the different tableaux in turn.)

3. THE HARVEST HOME.

(Curtain parts showing a child with a basket of fruit and vegetables. She recites):

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's boldest triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.
—*John G. Whittier.*

4. THE LAST SHEAF.

(Curtain parts, showing a boy with a sheaf of grain in his arms. He recites):

Harvest is come. The bins are full,
The barns are running o'er;
Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
Till we've no space for more.
We've worked and toiled through heat and cold,
To plant, to sow, to reap;
And now for all this bounteous store
Let us Thanksgiving keep.

5. THE HARVEST OF CORN.

(One or more children with ears and stalks of corn, recite in concert or in turn, as follows):

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn:
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

—*John G. Whittier.*

6. THE THANKSGIVING NUTS.

(A tiny little girl, with a basket of nuts. While reciting, she lets the nuts trickle through her fingers.)

When November's gusty breezes
Shake the branches bare and brown,
Then you hear on sunny uplands
Ripened nuts come dropping down.

7. THE PUMPKIN.

(Boy with pumpkin recites the first four lines below, the boy with jack-o'-lantern enters and recites the following eight lines, then a little girl in cook's cap and apron enters with a pie and gives the last two lines.)

Yet with dearer delight from his home in the north,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are circling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Oh, fruit loved of childhood! the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling,
When wild, ugly faces we carved in it skin
Glared out through the dark with a candle within.

When we laughed round the cornheap with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for her team.

What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like a rich pumpkin-pie?
—*John G. Whittier.*

8. THE THANKSGIVING FLOWERS.

(One little girl, with a bouquet of chrysanthemums, recites.)

Welcome in our leafless bower,
Where November's breath has come;
Welcome, golden-antlered flower,
Ever fair chrysanthemum.
—*Anon.*

9. THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

(By a boy in pilgrim attire.)

In Puritan New England a year has passed
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,
When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wild-fowl, to increase the scanty fare.

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the wild fowl from the brake,
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes with tears were dim—
"The Lord he hath remembered us, let us remember Him"!

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our "daily bread."
—*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

10. THE THANKSGIVING JOURNEY.

(A group of children in wraps, sings that well-known poem of Lydia Maria Child's, "Over the River and Through the Woods.")

11. THE THANKSGIVING APPETITE.

(By a very small boy.)

I've noticed on Thanksgiving Day,
With strangers or my own folks,
That little boys can always eat
A great deal more than grown folks,
Of turkey or of pumpkin pie—
Will someone please to tell me why?

12. THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

(By two or three little children, each with a napkin about his neck. All stand in a row with hands meekly folded beneath their chins, and recite in concert.)

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
An some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

13. THE THANKSGIVING SPIRIT.

(For one child.)

'Tis not the feast so richly spread,
'Tis not the word we say,
'Tis not the greeting and the song
That makes Thanksgiving Day.
But here's one little thought for us,
To take and put away;
Two helpful hands and one glad heart
Will make Thanksgiving Day.

14. THE THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

(By one child who stands in the attitude of prayer and recites.)

FOR WHAT SHOULD WE GIVE THANKS?

For summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize.
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness hear our praise.
Here on this blest Thanksgiving night
We raise to Thee our grateful voice;
For what Thou doest Lord is right,
And thus believing we rejoice.

—J. G. Holland.

15. FINALE.

(Autumn steps forward and recites, then goes off.)

So now when Autumn doffs her robes
Of purple and green and gold,
When trees stand leafless, bare and brown,
And nights grow bleak and cold,
Again we come together all,
To keep in the good old way,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
A glad Thanksgiving Day.

—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

THE THANKSGIVING HYMN

(Air: "America")

(By entire school or by the different characters of the pageant assembled on the stage.)

O Thou, whose eye of love
Looks on us from above,
Low at Thy throne
We come to Thee and pray
That, gleaming day by day,
Our grateful hearts alway
Thy hand may own.

Thine are the waving fields,
Thy hand the harvest yields;
And unto Thee,
To whom for rain and dew,
And skies of sunny blue
Our love and praise are due,
We bend the knee.

And when beneath the trees
In fairer fields than these
Our glad feet roam,
There where the bright harps ring,
May we our gleanings bring,
And in thy presence sing
Our harvest home.

—*Song Budget.*

Oh, give thanks for the summer and winter,
Give thanks for the sunshine and rain;
For the flowers, the fruits, and the grasses
And the bountiful harvest of grain;
For the winds that sweep over our prairies,
Distributing vigor and health—
Oh, give thanks to our Heavenly Father
For nature's abundance of wealth!

Give thanks for each lawful ambition
That gives a new impulse to do;
Give thanks for each fond hope's fruition,
And all of God's goodness to you;
Forget not whence cometh the power,
That all of these blessings secures—
Oh, give thanks to our Heavenly Father,
Whose mercy forever endures.

—*Selected.*

WHO GIVES US OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER?

EMILIE POULSSON

"On Thanksgiving Day," little Dorothy said,
With many a nod of her wise curly head,
"The cook is as busy as busy can be,
And very good, too—for 'tis easy to see
She gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh! no, little Dorothy," answered the cook
"Just think of the trouble your dear mother took
In planning the dinner and getting for me
The things that I cook; so 'tis mother, you see,
Who gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Of course it is mother; I ought to have known,"
Said Dorothy then, in a satisfied tone.
But mother said, smiling: "You are not right yet;
'Tis father who gives me the money to get
The things for our Thanksgiving dinner."

But father said: "I earned the money, 'tis true;
But money alone not a great deal can do.
The butcher, the grocer, whose things we must buy,
Should not be forgotten, for they more than I
Will give us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, isn't it funny?" said Dorothy then;
"And now, I suppose, if I asked those two men,
The grocer, the butcher, about it, they'd say
It surely is somebody else and not they
Who gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

And soon little Dorothy heard with delight
That her guess about grocer and butcher was right.
The grocer said he only kept in his store
What miller and farmer had brought in before
To help for the Thanksgiving dinner.

The jolly old butcher laughed long and laughed loud,
"My Thanksgiving turkeys do make me feel proud,
And one's for your dinner; but then you must know
The turkeys are raised by the farmer, and so
He gives you your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, yes! 'tis the farmer; at last I've found out,"
Said Dorothy then with a glad little shout.
"The miller must go to the farmer for wheat,
The butcher from him gets the turkeys we eat;
Yes!—*he* gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"But yet all the others had something to do;
The miller and butcher and grocer helped, too.
And then there was father and mother and cook.
I never before knew how many it took
To give us our Thanksgiving dinner."

So said little Dorothy, full of surprise.
And feeling that now she had grown very wise.
But what do you think? Had she found it all out?
Or was there still more she might learn, about
Who gives us our Thanksgiving dinner?

EARTH'S VACATION

(ALICE B. CURTIS, Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.)

The earth is tired and wants a rest,
She needs a long, long sleep;
She's toiled through spring and summer
That the rest of us may reap.

Her drowsy arms, so brown and bare,
Are filled with summer's store;
With golden flowers and shining fruit
And rich grains running o'er.

Her tawny hair, strewn with the scent
Of drying meadow grasses,
On lonely swamps and far-off hills,
Gleams where the sunbeam flashes.

Her gown is stitched with sumac-red
And tiger-lily yellow,
And aspen-gold and purple-oak
Like autumn's sunsets, mellow.

She's covered with a misty quilt
Of gauze, all spangle-bordered.
Soon she will need her white fur coat
God has already ordered.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE

(SELECTED)

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse, that ate an ear of corn.
"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,
When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!

"Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,
With all his thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;
But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay.

BOBBY'S CHOICE

(G. V. R. WOLF, Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

I wanted turkey for Thanksgiving Day
And Father said, "Of course you may,
For we want a turkey big and plump!"
You should have seen me dance and jump.
Then Father said, "Now, little man,
Go catch the gobbler if you can."
So out I ran into the shed,
The place where all the turkeys fed.
Old Gobbler turned and looked at me
And gobbled loud as loud can be;
He dragged his wings and spread his tail—
I just could feel myself turn pale.
I ran out fast as fast could be—
Say, chicken's good enough for me.

Christmas Day

December 25

CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS is the climax of holidays. It is the mass of Christ, or the religious service celebrated to commemorate the birth of Christ. Such a celebration seems to have been held from the second century, A. D. The Christmas celebration is probably related to the almost universal pagan custom of sun worship. Among primitive people a great festival was celebrated in honor of the sun as the giver of life and light. This celebration was usually held about the time of the winter solstice, that is, when the sun was farthest away and began to approach the earth. The Christmas is still observed two weeks earlier in the Western World than in the Eastern. This worship of the sun god was called by the Romans Saturnalia, and by the people of northern Europe the same festival was termed the Yule. The tree which was chosen as the symbol of sun worship was decorated with lights, signifying "the sun tree"; other objects, such as representations of animals and fruit, were placed on the tree, symbolizing sacrifices to the sun god.

With the coming of Christianity the customs of sun worship were retained and practiced in connection with the Christmas celebration. It is quite certain that the date on which Christmas is observed is not the season of Christ's birth; instead the period of the earlier festival was retained and applied to the new religious interest. Christmas grew to be an especially important festival among Germanic and Anglo-Saxon people. Many beautiful traditions gathered around this festival; such, for example, as that all the cattle and the horses could speak on Christmas night, and that at midnight they would kneel in worship to the Child who was born in a manger. "Merrie Old England" gave itself its fullest expression in the celebration of "Merrie Christmas," and all through the Middle Ages Christmas was celebrated with great jollity; the custom continued with little abatement until Puritan times. The Puritans sought to abolish the Christmas festivities, both in Old England and New England, but love of Christmas celebration was continued. With the restoration of the Stuart kings Christmas was restored in England to its early glory.

There is a wide difference in the celebration of Christmas, even in the different parts of the United States. The English, the Dutch, and the German influences in our history may be traced in the variations of the Christmas festival. From the New England stream of influence the tendency has been toward a religious interpretation, while from the English people from the South the ideal has been jollification and a boisterous exuberance of spirit. In some parts of the United States the Christmas celebration is not unlike the old-time Fourth of July celebration with its noise and red fire.

The traditions of Christmas, the many customs in connection with it, even the elements which enter into the conventional Christmas dinner, all have antecedents which reach to distant times. But the highest significance of the day for us is in the spirt of kindliness which has come to be associated with it. There is an old legend to the effect that the Christ Child, on Christmas Eve, wandered over the whole world bearing evergreen on his shoulders. He was believed to knock at the humblest cottage and the proudest castle. Those who would welcome his coming placed lighted candles in the windows. The beggar who knocked for alms was also believed to be a representative of Christ. Out of such beliefs has grown the spirit of kindliness and benevolence which makes Christmas the most Christian of all days. It is also a happy coincidence that it is the merriest, the gladdest, the most joyous day of all the year. The spirit of Christmas teaches the true philosophy of life that joy comes through service to others.

Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Savior-King is born;
Sing to all men—the bond and free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low.
The little child that sports in glee—
The aged folks that tottering go—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born,
That saveth them, and saveth me.

—*Eugene Field.*

No day means more to the children than Christmas, and the teacher who recognizes this greatest of holidays on the day before vacation, will seem a little more "human" to the pupils.

The celebration of Christmas is entirely proper in the public schools. America is a Christian nation. The Creater is recognized in the Declaration of Independence. Each house of Congress opens its daily works with prayer. Each year the President issues a Thanksgiving proclamation. Our courts require witnesses to take oath before giving testimony unless they have religious scruples. All government officials must take an "oath of office" in which the Creator is recognized. Christmas is a legal holiday in every state in the Union. Some of the greatest thoughts of our great statesmen recognize a Supreme Being.

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin mother and child!
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ, the Savior is born,
Christ, the Savior is born.
Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

—*Michael Hayden.*

THE CHRISTMAS STORY IN PICTURES, LEGEND, POEMS, AND SCRIPTURE

HOLY NIGHT *Correggio*
Bible Story Luke 2:1-7
Legend "Ben Hur," chapters 8, 9 and 10
Songs "Silent Night," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"

ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS *Lerolle*
Bible Story Luke 2:8-18
Legend "Ben Hur," chapter 11
Poem (or song) "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"
Poem (or song) "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night"
Poem (or song) "Cradle Hymn," *Luther*

ADORATION OF THE MAGI *Botticelli*
Bible Story Matthew 2:1-12
Legend "Ben Hur," chapters 1-5, 12, 13 and 14
Poem (or song) "The Adoration of the Wise Men"
Poem (or song) "We Three Kings of the Orient Are"

"The Magi were wise princes of some eastern country whose people held in remembrance of prophecy, 'I shall see him, but not now. I shall behold him, but not nigh; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and scepter shall rise out of Israel.' (Numbers xxiv:17.)

"When they saw a star differing from those, which as learned astronomers they had studied, they recognized it as the Star of prophecy and at once followed where it led. When they found the lowly place where Jesus was they bowed down, thus giving themselves first. Then they presented the gold which signified that Jesus was king; the frankincense, that he was God; and the myrrh, that he was a suffering man and must yield to death. Their gifts thus typified royalty, divinity, and humanity.

"In return Jesus gave them charity and spiritual riches for gold, perfect faith for incense, and for myrrh, truth and meekness, so the legend tells us. The Star guided them home and they spent their lives giving of their riches to the poor and preaching the new gospel of peace.

"The names of these 'Kings of Cologne' are Casper, Melchior, and Belthaser. Casper is usually represented as very old; Melchior as a middle age; Belthaser as young and sometimes as a Moor to signify that he was of Ethiopia, and that Christ came to all races of men."

See how far upon the eastern road
 The star-lit wizards haste with odours sweet;
O run, present them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet,
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out his secret altar touched with fire.

—*John Milton.*

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT *Plockhurst or Hoffman*
Bible Story Matthew 2:13-20
Legend"Christ Child in Art" (pages 153-167), *Van Dyke*

"Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,
Exiled from heaven by love at thy birth,
Exiled again from thy rest in the manger,
A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth.
Cheer with thy fellowship all who are weary,
Wandering far from the land that they love;
Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary
Safe to its home in thy presence above."

PAGEANT—CHRISTMAS

SANTA CLAUS, CHRISTMAS CHEER, MERCURY, GROUP OF FAIRIES, GROUP OF ELVES, GROUP OF NYMPHS, GROUP OF GOBLINS, and GROUPS OF BROWNIES are the characters. The groups may be large or small to include any number of children.

COSTUMES

SANTA CLAUS wears a long red coat and pointed cap, trimmed with white wadding. He wears a Santa Claus mask and carries an empty cloth bag.

CHRISTMAS CHEER wears a white dress trimmed with gold tinsel and a gold paper crown. She carries a small Christmas tree with gold star at top and trimmed with tinsel.

MERCURY wears white or light green suit. His cap is made of light green paper trimmed at each side with small paper wing. He wears wings of same color tied to back of ankles.

ELVES wear green suits and green pointed caps.

FAIRIES wear white dresses trimmed with silver tinsel, and silver paper crowns. They carry silver paper stars on sticks covered with silver paper.

NYMPHS wear white dresses and headbands of evergreen sprigs, trimmed with tinsel. They carry small evergreen branches.

NOTE: If these costumes are too elaborate each group may wear paper caps without the special suits.

Curtain rises showing SANTA CLAUS and CHRISTMAS CHEER giving last touches to large Christmas tree.

CHRISTMAS CHEER:

Now all our work is done,
There's a toy for every one.

(Enter) MERCURY:

Tonight I've traveled without pause,
To overtake you, Santa Claus.

(Hands letter to SANTA.)

SANTA CLAUS (opens and reads):

Dear Santa: Please bring me a dolly new,
I've never had a doll. From Sue.

(SANTA CLAUS looks in pack, then looks up, puzzled.)

Not a toy left in my pack,
I've nothing but an empty sack.

MERCURY:

Dolls are sold out; from shore to shore,
There's not one left in any store.

SANTA CLAUS:

Whatever shall I do?
I must have a doll for Sue.

MERCURY:

Fairies, come from Fairyland,
Bring with you an elfin band.

CHRISTMAS CHEER:

Brownies, leave your home below,
You can help us now, I know.

MERCURY:

Nymphs, come from your pleasant wood,
Here's a chance to do much good.

SANTA CLAUS:

Little goblins, one and all,
Answer now to Santa's call.

(Enter FAIRIES, ELVES, NYMPHS, BROWNIES and GOBLINS.)

SANTA CLAUS:

Little Story Book People, dear,
Follow now good Christmas Cheer,
You must work with all your might,
To make a doll this very night.

ELVES, FAIRIES, BROWNIES, NYMPHS and GOBLINS (together):

We will do our very best.

CHRISTMAS CHEER:

Wait here, Santa Claus, and rest.

(*Exeunt* all but SANTA. Soon return with a large, beautiful doll.)

SANTA CLAUS (taking doll):

Such a lovely doll for Sue,
Little Story Book People, I thank you.

(Puts doll in pack.)

Now I'll hurry fast away,
To little Sue's e'er peep of day.

(CURTAIN)

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CHRISTMAS

But Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well that he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

WELCOME

(ANITA G. PINKHAM, Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

We're very glad you've come, dear folks,
To hear us all recite,
And hear the songs and dialogues
We're going to give tonight.
We hope you like our Christmas tree,
It will our joys increase;
But best of all I'm glad you've come
To hear me speak my piece.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

HENRY VAN DYKE

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity. But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what

other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chance to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not for always? But you cannot keep it alone.

CHRISTMAS TELEPHONE

(Normal Instructor and Primary Plans)

I wish I had a telephone
With golden wires unfurl'd,
And long enough and strong enough
To reach around the world—
I'd ring up everybody
Along the line and say,
"A very Merry Christmas
To you this Christmas Day."

CHILD'S CHRISTMAS

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day—
The wondered, breathless waking through fir-sweet morning gray.

White tropic forests on the pane against the dawn-streaked skies,
The awe of faith unhesitant in lifted childish eyes;

The spluttered, spicy, teasing joy of kitchen fragrance sweet,
The sting of frost upon his face, the snow-creak 'neath his feet;

The swish of runners, song of bells, the laughing echoed call
From drifted hilltops, sparkling white; the blue sky folding all;

The holly-berried table top, the feasting and the fun,
With Christmas ribbons strewing all until the day is done;

The hush of candle-lighting time, the hearth flame flickered red,
The warm soft clasp of clinging hands up shadowed stairs to bed;

The crib-side talk that slacks and stills on stumbled drowsy note,
The love that stings behind your eyes, and catches in your throat;

The hope, the fears, the tenderness, the Mary-prayer you pray—
Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day.

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SUGGESTIVE CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

(From "The World Book Encyclopedia"—Volume 3)

1

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.
—*Spencer.*

Song, "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen".....Old Carol
The First Christmas Luke II, 8-21
The Birds of Bethlehem.....Gilder
Christmas Proctor
The Fir Tree (adapted) Andersen
Song, "O Little Town of Bethlehem".....Brooks
Jest 'Fore Christmas Field
Little Gottlieb Cary
Scenes from "A Christmas Carol".....Dickens
Christmas at the Cratchits'
Christmas at Scrooge's Nephew's
Christmas in Old Time Scott
The Little Christmas Tree Coolidge
Essay, "How the Fir Tree Became the Christmas Tree"..... ———
Christmas Everywhere To-night.....Brooks
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.....Deland
Song, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"..... ———

2

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we'll make;
And bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—*Cary.*

Song, "Silent Night, Holy Night" ——
Christmas Bells Longfellow
A visit from Santa Claus Moore
Essay, "Why the Evergreens Keep Their Leaves in Winter" ——
Old Christmas Howitt
Christmas Snow Spofford
Scene from "Cricket on the Hearth" Dickens
The Party at Caleb's
Song, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" ——
Why the Chimes Rang Alden
Christmas Song Field
Kris Kringle Aldrich
The Little Match Girl Anderson
Kris Kringle's Travels Best
Song, "What Child Is This?" Old Carol
Carol's Dinner Party, from The Birds' Christmas Carol Riggs
Song, "Away in a Manger" Luther

New Year's Day

January 1

"Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward and below.
I count as God of avenues and gates
The years that through my portals come and go."

—*Longfellow.*

New Year's Day is perhaps more universally celebrated than is any other day in the round year. In many parts of the world, among divers peoples of widely different religious faiths, the day is observed, often on a date other than January first, but always with the significance of the new year and its fresh opportunities.

The month in which New Year's Day occurs was named from the Roman god, Janus, who was a double-headed divinity, supposed to be looking backward to the past and forward to the future. Janus, the god of origins and of beginnings, is interpreted by Mommsen as "the spirit of opening," the double head signifying, according to the same authority, a gate swinging both ways. Janus was thought by the Romans to be interested in the beginnings of all their enterprises, and naturally the month which was to open the year was named for him. He was believed to be the doorkeeper of Heaven, and was selected as the guardian of the year.

Special days bring special messages. On January first old things are passed away. On New Year's Day a new time has come, with its new call and its new opportunity.

A symbol of the new year is found in the resurrection of Christ. He came to newness of life. We may with the old year leave off the old, and we, too, may at this time of fresh beginnings rise to a new life. The new year is a clean sheet on which we may write the record of this new life. Whoever has trod across a field of freshly fallen snow must have been interested in the tracks which he made. The tracks were straight or crooked according as he had planned his course and followed his plan, or as he had turned backward to look at the course over which he had come. If the look had been frequently backward the track was filled with crooks and bends, but if the traveler had kept his eyes fixed on some objective directly in front and walked directly for this, he marked a fairly straight path. So if one is constantly turning to the past year he is likely to make a bad mess of the year in which he is living, but if he sets

clearly before himself each year a definite objective, and aims at this, his life should show a creditable accomplishment. The following may well be our "Prayer for the New Year":

"Oh make me glad, Dear Lord, that every passing day
Brings me a clean page in Thy book of life;
A chance to turn the blotted pages down
And start again, refreshed for the great strife.

"Teach me to turn each bitter fault and grief
Into a lesson that may prove a guard
Against temptation and the bitter foes
That lie in wait and press the fighter hard.

"Teach me to see the little joys of life,
The beauty of the world each passing day;
Teach me wide sympathy and tenderness,
That in the end I may most humbly say:

"There are some pages, Lord, both clean and white,
Writ with good deeds, with sunshine, and with cheer,
That Thou may'st put into my eager hands
Thy book of days to make a better year."

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

RUTH CURTIS

Now that the old year is ended,
While past failures stand out clear,
Let us make good resolutions
For the new, approaching year.

Let's resolve that we'll be patient,
Kindly, willing, brave, and strong;
Cheerfully each other helping
As through life we toil along.

Let's resolve to be obedient,
Truthful, honest, and alert;
Faithful e'en in trifling matters,
Doing even foes no hurt.

Let's resolve that in our labors
We our very best will do;
Never idling, never shirking,
Till our task is carried through.

Let's resolve, while we are making
All these resolutions here,
That we'll firmly strive to keep them,
Keep them all throughout the year.

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A PRAYER

These are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit serene—
Strength for the daily task;
Courage to face the road;
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain would have thee take away—
Malice and cold disdain;
Hot anger, sullen hate;
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great;
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of a common day.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

(From "Poems of Henry Van Dyke." Copyright 1911, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons, and printed by permission of the publishers.)

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

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NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours and a new hope. Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted, and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heaven, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grace of his errors,
And instead of regretting resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled;
For see! how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

AN APPEAL TO BOYS

DAVID STARR JORDAN

"Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

"Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

"What will you leave for him?

"Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted; a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats?

"Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

"Or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

"This is your problem in life—the problem of more importance to you than any or all others. How will you meet it—as a man or as a fool?

"When you answer this, we shall know what use the world can make of you."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Just at the turn of the midnight,
When the children are fast asleep,
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
And the New Year takes a peep

At the beautiful world that is waiting
For the hours that he will bring;
For the wonderful things in his peddler's pack;
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,
And many a marvelous thing!

Flowers by hosts and armies;
Stars and sunshine and rain;
The merry times and the sorrowful times,
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chime
ie weaving of joy and pain.

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When the children wake in the morning,
 Shouting their "Happy New Year,"
The year will be started well on his way,
Swinging along through his first white day,
 With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey!
 Fifty-two weeks of a spell!
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
 At the stroke of the midnight bell.

Kansas Day

January 29



GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF KANSAS

GREAT SEAL.—The seal of the state of Kansas procured by the secretary of state, as required by the joint resolution approved May twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and sixty-one (which resolution was published as chapter seventy-eight, Laws of eighteen hundred sixty-one), shall be and remain the great seal of this state. Such seal is described in said joint resolution as follows: The east is represented by a rising sun, in the right-hand corner of the seal; to the left of it, commerce is represented by a river and a steamboat; in the foreground, agriculture is represented as the basis of the future prosperity of the state, by a settler's cabin and a man plowing with a pair of horses; beyond this is a train of ox wagons, going west; in the background is seen a herd of buffalo, retreating, pursued by two Indians on horseback; around the top is the motto, *"Ad astra per aspera,"* and beneath, a cluster of thirty-four stars. The circle is surrounded by the words, "Great seal of the state of Kansas. January 29, 1861." (L. 1879, ch. 166, § 15; March 20.)

RECORD OF SEAL.—The description in writing of the great seal of the state, deposited and recorded in the office of the secretary of state, shall be and remain a public record. (L. 1879, ch. 166, § 16; March 20.)

CUSTODY AND USE OF SEAL.—The great seal of the state shall be kept in the executive office, and shall be used only in attestation of the proclamations, commissions and executive warrants issued by the governor, and of all obligations of the state issued in pursuance of law, and of such acts of authentication as may be required under the laws of the United States, and under the rules of comity between states. (L. 1879, ch. 166, § 17; March 20.)

THE KANSAS STATE CAPITOL

The history of the permanent location of the state capital and the construction of the beautiful capitol building, the "state house" in the vernacular, now on the state capitol grounds, is a very interesting one. The first state legislature provided for the holding of an election for the permanent location of the state capital (Laws of 1861, chapter 11), and the election was held in November, 1861. Topeka received 7,996 votes, Lawrence 5,291 votes and other places 1,184 votes.

The part of that history that has to do with the erection of the state house begins with the legislature of 1866, which enacted the first legislation with reference to the erection of a state house. This legislature authorized the first State House Commission, which was composed of Gov. Samuel J. Crawford; Rinaldo Allen Baker, secretary of state; John R. Swallow, auditor of state; William Spriggs, treasurer of state; Isaac T. Goodnow, superintendent of public instruction.

Under the provisions of chapter 92 of the Laws of 1866, the sum of $40,000, or so much thereof as might be necessary, was appropriated for the erection of the state house provided for in that act, and the ten sections of land granted by the Congress of the United States for the erection of a state house was ordered disposed of by the state auditor and the proceeds used for the purpose above mentioned. The design of E. Townsend Mix was accepted as the "design after which, and the plan and specification upon which," the state house was to be erected. The State House Commission created by this legislature was instructed to appoint a superintendent of construction and an architect. The Board appointed John G. Haskell,

architect. Mr. Haskell thus became the first architect in charge of the actual construction of the state house, and he worked on the building a longer period than any other single architect.

The grounds composing the state house campus, and upon which the state house now stands, came into the possession of the state as follows (joint resolution No. 6, as recorded in Gen. Laws, 1862, p. 116):

"*Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Kansas*, That the tender to the state of Kansas of a block of land in the city of Topeka, suitable for capitol purposes, made by Hon. C. K. Holiday as president and special trustee of the Topeka Association, is accepted, and the auditor of the state is hereby authorized to receive the deed thereof in behalf of the state, and cause it to be properly recorded and preserved."

During the early years of the construction of the state house funds for its construction (other than from the sale of lands, as authorized by the legislature of 1866) were provided as follows: The legislature of 1867 (chapter 19) provided for the issuance and sale of $100,000 of the bonds of the state of Kansas to aid in the completion of the east wing of the capitol building, at Topeka.

Chapter 7 of the Session Laws of 1868 provided for the issuance and sale of $150,000 of the bonds of the state of Kansas to aid in the completion of the east wing of the state capitol building, at Topeka.

Chapter 8 of the Session Laws of 1869 provided for the issuance and sale of $70,000 of the bonds of the state of Kansas to aid in the completion of the east wing of the state capitol building at Topeka.

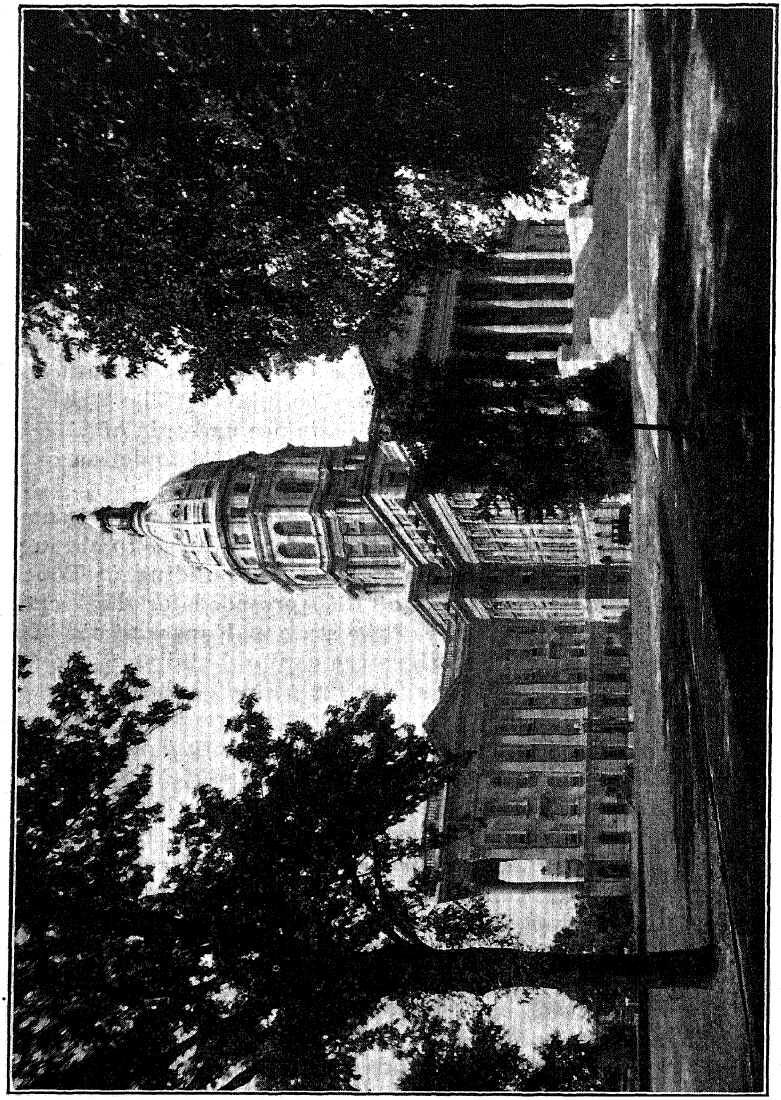
All of these issues of bonds were for the period of thirty years and bore seven percent interest.

The report of the joint committee of the legislature of 1869 states that $290,000, and ten sections of land which sold for $8,000, had already been expended on the east wing of the state house.

The corner stone of the state house was laid October 17, 1866, by the M.·.W.·.Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Kansas, assisted by Topeka Lodge No. 17.

The first stone adopted for the construction of the state house was a brown sandstone found near Topeka, in the vicinity of Vinewood Park. This stone was soon found to be unfit for use in such a building, and all that had been used was removed at an expense of about $8,000.

The east wing as it now stands was constructed from Geary county stone, taken from quarries at or near Junction City. The rotunda, north, south and west wings were constructed of stone



THE KANSAS STATE CAPITOL



OFFICIAL STATE FLOWER

from Cottonwood Falls, with the exception of the base course of the north and south wings, and the north and south steps, which are of granite.

The dimensions of the building are: Extreme breadth from north to south, including porches, 399 feet; east and west, 386 feet; square of the dome at base 80 x 80 feet; height of dome to lantern balcony, 258 feet; height of dome to extreme top, 304 feet. The space of ground covered by the building, exclusive of porches, is 57,606 square feet, or approximately one and one third acres.

There are 296 steps leading from the upper floor of the building proper to the top of the dome, and hundreds of visitors annually make this climb for the view of Topeka and surrounding country.

The total cost of the building at the time of its completion in 1903 was $3,200,588.92.

The deed conveying to the state the land on which the building is situated calls for approximately 20 acres, and there are slightly more than 16 acres within the sidewalk lines. The location is between Eighth and Tenth avenues and Jackson and Harrison streets, containing four city blocks.

From an architectural standpoint the state capitol building is one of which every Kansan should be proud. While there are a number of state capitol buildings in the United State that have cost more, and are ornamented with more costly material, yet there are few, if any, that present a grander view from the standpoint of altitude and proportion as one views it from the rotunda. It stands as a monument to the patriotism, devotion, loyalty, and enterprise of the founders of the commonwealth, and one that will be more and more prized as the years go by.

THE OFFICIAL STATE FLOWER

THE STATE FLOWER AND FLORAL EMBLEM.—WHEREAS, Kansas has a native wild flower common throughout her borders, hardy and conspicuous, of definite, unvarying and striking shape, easily sketched, moulded, and carved, having armorial capacities, ideally adapted for artistic reproduction, with its strong, distinct disk and its golden circle of clear glowing rays—a flower that a child can draw on a slate, a woman can work in silk, or a man can carve on stone or fashion in clay; and

WHEREAS, This flower has to all Kansans a historic symbolism which speaks of frontier days, winding trails, pathless prairies, and

is full of the life and glory of the past, the pride of the present, and richly emblematic of the majesty of a golden future, and is a flower which has given Kansas the world-wide name, "The Sunflower State": therefore,

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas: That the *Helianthus* or wild native sunflower is hereby made, designated and declared to be the state flower and floral emblem of the state of Kansas. (Session Laws of Kansas 1903, ch. 479, § 1; June 1.)

THE STATE FLOWER

The appropriateness of the selection of the sunflower as the floral emblem of our state was very eloquently set forth by Senator George P. Morehouse, author of the law, at a banquet given at the state encampment of the National Guard at Fort Riley in October following the passage of the act, in the following words:

"This native wild flower is common throughout our borders, and is always hardy and conspicuous. It lifts its head in triumph along our most beautiful and classic valleys and mingles its cheerful light with the verdure of expanding prairies. The seasons have little effect on its coming, for it flourishes in time of flood and the drought of arid summer adds to the multitude of its blossoms. It is of definite unvarying and striking shape, ever faithful, whether gracing the beautiful gardens of the rich or lingering near the humble habitation of the poor. Wherever reproduced, whether in color or canvas, worked in iron or chiseled in stone or marble, its identity is ever present. I am pleased to see it has been wrought in bronze, and, as a badge, decorates the new uniforms of the Kansas National Guard. It has marked the position of Kansas in many an imposing pageant. This flower has to every Kansan a historic symbolism. It speaks eloquently of frontier days, when buds and blossoms of civilization were not numerous and when we were deprived of many of the refinements we now enjoy. The sunflower recalls paths and winding trails, and we are reminded of its golden lines of beauty, at times making their graceful turns over hill and vale, and breaking the dull monotony of many a prairie scene. It is not a blossom lingering a few brief hours, but lasts for a season. It gracefully nods to the caresses of the earliest morning zephyrs. Its bright face greets the rising orb of day and faithfully follows him in his onward course through the blazing noontime, till the pink-tinted afterglow of sunset decorates the western sky and marks the quiet hour of eventide. Few can recall all the state favorites, but the entire nation knows that Kansas has the sunflower and is the 'Sunflower State.'"

THE ORIGIN OF KANSAS DAY

Kansas Day has for so many decades been associated with politics that it is refreshing to find in an old clipping from the Kansas City *Star,* for January, 1909, the following:

Kansas Day was born at Paola in 1877. Like most babies it made a great deal of noise the very first day. Since then it has been known all over the country from Washington to Los Angeles.

In the Paola public school fifteen or twenty youngsters were studying United States history, and on January 8, 1877, the lesson happened to be the battle of New Orleans. Intense interest was created in the class by the fact that sixty-two years before that, to the very hour, General Jackson's riflemen from behind the cotton bales were peppering the British red-coats. The whole school awoke to patriotism on that anniversary.

Why should not the same patriotic pupils be proud of their own state in its victories of peace? So it was announced that an afternoon would be set apart for the study of Kansas—its geography, its history and its resources; and the afternoon selected was January 29, 1877. For two weeks those children were busy outside of school getting together every available piece of information concerning Kansas. Encyclopedias were searched, parents were plied with questions, and the whole community stirred to furnish local history, statistics, and valuable and interesting facts bearing upon that one subject.

The eventful day came. The blackboard extended three-quarters of the way around the room and was fairly covered by the pupils with careful drawings of the state seal, the maps of the state, the county and the township. The motto of the state was conspicuous in red and blue chalk. The banner counties in wheat, corn, oats, hay, cattle, hogs, horses, sheep and even mules were on the board.

On the board were also the Kansas songs. One was Whittier's "Song of the Kansas Emigrant"; . . . Another was Lucy Larcom's "The Call to Kansas" . . .

Then there were short speeches by two or three boys—extracts from Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner. Questions in Kansas history, asked by one side of the room and answered by the other; first things in Kansas, such as the first white man, the first baby born of white parents, the first printing press, the first school, the first railroad, the first capital, the first newspaper. There was one mistake—the exercises should not have been held in the schoolroom, but in the largest hall in town, to accommodate the parents and

friends who wanted to get in but couldn't. Mrs. Charles W. Trickett, of Kansas City, Kan., was a member of the school, and Mrs. Chester I. Long, then a girl in short dresses, was present. Such was the birth of Kansas Day.

In 1879 the same teacher had become superintendent of the schools in Wichita, and, of course, the day was appropriately observed there. Meanwhile it was his hobby at the county teachers institutes and at the state teachers association, held then every year in Topeka at the Christmas holidays. It was written up for the Kansas Educationist, and the newsapapers of the state told of it as a Kansas institution.

The day after Thanksgiving, in 1882, the first Northwestern Teachers Association was held in Beloit. It was then and there decided that a small pamphlet should be published giving the concise information about the state, songs and sample speeches suitable for the proper observance of the day. In the few weeks that followed, and before Christmas, the material was gotten together and put in order for publication, and Del Valentine, of the Clay Center "Times," printed the book. It was called "Kansas Day"—contained thirty-two pages and there were 2,000 copies in the edition. At the State Teachers Association in Topeka at the Christmas holidays it was a prominent feature. Every teacher took home one or more copies. It was sold into sixty-five counties in the state, and for a short time was made a textbook in the state normal school at Emporia. Ellen Plumb, a sister of Senator Plumb, who kept a bookstore in Emporia, sold them to the students there until the edition was exhausted.

Kansas Day had many friends in those days, among them Allen B. Lemon, state superintendent of public instruction; President Peter MacVicar of Washburn college; Mrs. James M. Miller, of Council Grove; Prof. Geo. W. Winans, of Hutchinson; Dr. Hosslater, of Wichita; Marsh Murdock, John MacDonald, of Topeka; Dr. Frank H. Snow and J. H. Canfield of Kansas University, and Senator and Mrs. Chester I. Long.—*Esther Clark Hill.*

OCTOBER IN KANSAS

(From the Topeka State Journal)

Years ago the late W. E. Blackburn wrote a classic about this annual occasion. It should be printed every October in every Kansas newspaper. It should be read aloud in every Kansas schoolroom, perhaps in every home. Here it is:

"The very air is invigorant; fragrant from the harvest, spiced with wood smoke, bracing from the first frosts, scintilliant with the glorious sunshine that fills the shortening autumn days with splendor and makes thin and luminous the attending shadow.

" 'Bob White' shrills of 'more wet, more wet;' his Quakerish little wife, with half-grown brood, trimly speeds across the roadway into the ripening corn, or with musical 'whir-r-r' rises, to dive into the distant sea of undulating brown.

"Prairie larks trill and carol on the rusty wire, or perched on the infrequent posts that hold the cattle from the ripened field. Hawks fly low; frightened sparrows flutter into trees and hedge row; rabbits scurry from bare pastures to grassy covert, or sit erect and watch with distended eye, quivering nostril and rigid ear, the impending danger.

"The murmur of voices, the morning cock crow, the lowing of cattle are as distant music, carried softly to the ear by the voluptuous air.

"Corn shocks dot the field—tents of an army that stands nearby in whispering ranks. A multitude of peace and plenty; no arms, no equipment, but a haversack of golden grain on hip or shoulder. Save a weary few, they stand expectant, awaiting to deliver their garnered wealth, be mustered out and with empty pockets, light hearts and fluttering banners, retrace their steps via the mouldering way to the place whence they come, and rest. In rusty velvet fields, big dusty haystacks stand in herds or gather in about the barn, shouldering one another in ponderous good humor.

"From the inspiration of the caressing air, the peaceful, plenteous view, satisfied achievements of a summer's work, of goodly store from Nature's plenty, we look with brightened eye, bounding blood and defiant head, to the north, undaunted by the icy breath that tells of coming snow."

WALLS OF CORN

Smiling and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.

But the wide, wide lands that stretched away
Before my eyes in the days of May;

The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell;

Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.

All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now sere and brown.

What do they hold—these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

He who questions may soon be told—
A great state's wealth these walls enfold.

No sentinels guard these walls of corn,
Never is sounded the warder's horn;

Yet the pillars are hung with gleaming gold,
Left all unbarred, though thieves are bold.

Clothes and food for the toiling poor;
Wealth to heap at the rich man's door;

Meat for the healthy, and balm for him
Who moans and tosses in chamber dim;

Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn) want cometh not;

Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Booty for thieves that rob the land—

All these things, and so many more,
It would fill a book but to name them o'er,

Are hid and held in these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

Where do they stand, these walls of corn
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn?

Open the atlas, conned by the rule,
In the olden days of the district school.

Point to this rich and bounteous land,
That yields such fruits to the toiler's hand

"Treeless desert" they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsook by men.

Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairies rolled.

Who would have dared, with brush or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

And how would the wise one have laughed in scorn,
Had prophet foretold these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn!

—*Mrs. Ellen P. Allerton.*

(Used by permission of Mr. A. G. Allerton.)

THE CALL OF KANSAS

Surfeited here with beauty, and the sensuous-sweet perfume
Borne in from a thousand gardens and orchards of orange-bloom;
Awed by the silent mountains, stunned by the breakers' roar—
The restless ocean pounding and tugging away at the shore—
I lie on the warm sand-beach and hear, above the cry of the sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me.

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the windswept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy, wild rose, by the roadside's dusty way,
Than all the splendor of poppy fields, ablaze in the sun of May.
Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawney and gold and brown, is richer, to me, than these.
And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me.

Kansas, beloved Mother, today in an alien land,
Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in the sand,
The name that flung from a scornful lip will make the hot blood start;
The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of my loyal heart.
O, higher, clearer and stronger yet than the boom of the savage sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me.

—*Esther M. Clark-Hill.*

(Used by permission of the author.)

A PRAIRIE VISION

Miles on miles of level prairies
Stretch before my vision broad.
Breathe of freedom, boundless freedom,
Show the handiwork of God!

Not a tree, and not a mountain,
Nothing to obstruct one's view;
Earth's all carpeted with emerald.
Vaulted o'er with sky of blue!

Flowers grow in thick profusion—
Gold and purple, pink and white,
And the perfume from their blossoms
Fill my soul with keen delight!

—*Carleton Everett Knox.*

(Copyright by Carleton Everett Knox, Kansas City, Mo. Used by permission of author.)

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

Slow was the weary, toilsome way
Where creaked the heavy-laden wain—
Quaint follower of the speeding day
Across the plain.

White canvas covers, bulging, fair,
Enclosed found heart a-throb with joy;
The builders of an empire there
Found safe convoy.

Along its course child-voices sweet
Marked all the strangeness of each scene;
While parents sought new homes to greet
With vision keen.

No luxury or ease was there
To lap the traveler into rest,
But staunch it bore the pioneer
On toward the West.

Deserted now, its ragged sails
Are furled—the port has long been won.
Sport of the boisterous, hurrying gales,
Through cloud and sun.

Unused, forlorn, and gray, it stands,
A faded wreck cast far ashore,
The Mayflower of the prairie lands,
Its journey o'er.

—*Charles Moreau Harger.*

(Used by permission of the author.)

THE WILD SUNFLOWER

At early dawn, like soldiers in their places,
Rank upon rank the golden sunflowers stand;
Gazing toward the east with eager faces,
Waiting until their god shall touch the land
To life and glory, longingly they wait,
Those voiceless watchers at the morning's gate.

Dawn's portals tremble silently apart;
Far to the east, across the dewy plain,
A glory kindles that in every heart
Finds answering warmth and kindles there again;
And rapture beams in every radiant face
Now softly glowing with supernal grace.

And all day long that silent worship lasts,
And as their god moves grandly down the west,
And every stem a lengthening shadow casts
Toward the east, ah, then they love him best,
And watch till every lingering ray is gone,
Then slowly turn to greet another dawn.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

(Used by permission of the author.)

MY GOLDEN KANSAS

Golden the Sunflower emblem of Kansas,
Golden the sunshine that smiles on each hill,
Golden the grainfields that gleam on your prairies,
Golden the leaves of your autumn so still.
Golden and crimson your sunrise and sunset
Golden the star gleams, that pierce the night thru,
Golden our dreams of your glorious future
Golden our memories, Kansas, of you.

KANSAS FACTS

(Taken from a Report by the State Board of Agriculture.)

KANSAS has averaged approximately 129 million bushels of wheat during the last five years.

KANSAS plants more acres in corn than do 42 other states, and grows corn in all of its 105 counties.

KANSAS produces 90 percent of all apple seedlings grown in the United States and ships to other states and countries.

KANSAS ranks first among the states in number of eggs shipped to the large markets.

KANSAS generally has more hogs than people. With corn and alfalfa KANSAS is the hog's happy habitat.

KANSAS supplies the Kansas City market with half the number of beef animals.

KANSAS generally has one-fourth more cattle than there are people, with many purebreds of national reputation.

KANSAS' production of cheese more than doubled in five years because of quality.

KANSAS has 288 plants for the manufacture or processing of milk.

Eighty percent of KANSAS farms produce surplus milk or cream for market.

KANSAS' dairy products average more than 30 million dollars a year.

KANSAS produced 86 million pounds of butter in a single year.

KANSAS has 3,000 cream stations for marketing a product of her dairy herds.

KANSAS has extensive beds of rock salt, 300 feet thick.

KANSAS is credited with more of wealth, per man, than New York.

KANSAS ranks higher in literacy than Massachusetts.

KANSAS has the largest broomcorn market in the United States, handling the crops of several states in addition to the home product.

KANSAS has the largest flour-milling industry in the United States, producing more than 13 million barrels in 1934.

KANSAS ranks third among the states in the production of flax seed, and manufactures it into linseed oil for paint and oil cake and meal for livestock feed.

KANSAS' largest farms are in Logan county, where the average size is 1,023 acres.

KANSAS has more land in farms than any other state except Texas, which is three times as large.

KANSAS' annual mineral output is greater than all gold produced in the United States, including Alaska.

KANSAS uses more wheat for planting each year than is harvested in 28 other states.

KANSAS has more acres in wheat than 39 other states have in all crops together.

KANSAS has shipped more than a billion and a half of eggs in a single year.

KANSAS ranks among the first six states in volume and value of agricultural products.

KANSAS' meat and dairy products in 1933 were worth 15 million dollars more than the animals themselves.

SOUTHEAST KANSAS has a greater variety of natural resources than any other section of the United States.

KANSAS supplies more volcanic ash than any other state; used for abrasives, scouring soaps, etc., and never had a volcano.

KANSAS is rich in oil, gas, coal, lime, cement, stone, lead, zinc, and clays for brick, tile pottery and moulding.

KANSAS ranks high in petroleum and the entire western half of the state is potential oil territory according to government report.

KANSAS excels in the economic production of all important farm crops of the north temperate zone.

KANSAS is completing a system of all-weather highways, especially favored by tourists.

NORTHEAST KANSAS is especially adapted to fruit growing, with an important apple-growing section on the lower Arkansas river.

KANSAS' important broomcorn industry centers in a half dozen southwestern counties.

KANSAS has a prosperous sugar-beet industry in the upper Arkansas river valley.

KANSAS has a beet-sugar factory that produces thousands of pounds of sugar annually.

KANSAS ranked fourth in acreage of wild hay in 1934, but was third in value of the product.

KANSAS ranks ninth in mineral production, with an annual value of more than all of the gold states together.

KANSAS has more acres in corn than 28 other states have in all crops together.

KANSAS ranks first in college students per 1,000 people.

KANSAS' bluestem is the best native grass in the world for rapid fattening of cattle on pasture.

KANSAS produces more alfalfa seed than other states.

KANSAS ranks first in acres operated by owners.

KANSAS has the second largest cheese factory in the United States.

KANSAS is first in native-born citizens.

KANSAS lard is one of the biggest revenue producers among farm products.

KANSAS is the home of the second largest creamery in the United States.

KANSAS rainfall is so distributed in normal times that 75 percent falls in the growing season.

KANSAS farmers own more automobiles than do those of 40 other states.

KANSAS farmers own more trucks than do those of 38 other states.

KANSAS farmers own more tractors than do those of 46 other states.

KANSAS farmers have to buy less for fertilizer than do those of 34 other states.

KANSAS ranks third in the production of grain sorghums; practically equal to corn in feeding value.

KANSAS has 19,419,339 acres in farms that average more than 500 acres each.

KANSAS has 1,036 colored farmers who operate 157,126 acres.

KANSAS produces more poultry than do 43 of the other states.

KANSAS has 163,879 farms averaging 275 acres each.

KANSAS has 12,900 miles of railroad, with four main trunk lines across the state from east to west.

KANSAS produces more value in cereal crops than do 44 other states.

KANSAS includes the geographic center of the United States.

KANSAS farmers use more telephones than do those of 43 other states.

KANSAS farmers use more of mechanical power in their operation than do those of 42 other states.

KANSAS farmers marketed more than 36 million dollars' worth of their products through coöperatives in the census year.

KANSAS has 740 newspapers and from their offices have gone forth many persons to attain a national reputation.

KANSAS has a population of 1,836,966, of whom 1,001,098 are classed as rural, making the state predominately agricultural.

KANSAS supplies ideal conditions for the winter feeding of lambs, with dry weather and abundant alfalfa hay and corn.

KANSAS livestock, and not wheat, is the chief source of farm income.

KANSAS grows one-half of all the hard winter wheat in the United States.

KANSAS has the second largest meat-packing industry in the world.

KANSAS has the second largest livestock market in the United States.

KANSAS is well adapted to diversified agriculture, averaging 12 million acres in corn, oats, barley, sorghums and legumes, with nearly a like acreage in wheat.

The first permanent settlement in KANSAS was made at Fort Leavenworth in 1827.

KANSAS produces more sweet sorghum hay than any other state.

KANSAS has more than 52 million acres, of which 90 percent is in farms, giving the state second place in this respect.

KANSAS usually has more cattle than do 42 other states, according to government census.

KANSAS fattens more than 300,000 southwestern cattle on its bluestem pastures each summer.

KANSAS has more purebred dairy cattle than 27 other states.

KANSAS' rural population is 89 percent native born, and mostly home owners.

KANSAS has a higher farm property valuation than 40 other states, according to United States census.

WE'RE FROM KANSAS

(Tune: "Long, Long Trail.")

We're from Kansas, dear old Kansas
The land of sunflowers and wheat,
Where the jayhawks soar and skies are blue
And song is sweet.
Where the prairies softly calling
The gentle breezes to woo
And we answer, dear old Kansas,
We are ever true to you.

A SONG FOR KANSAS DAY

Wandering children of Kansas away,
By mountain, by desert, or sea,
Feasting or fasting, at prayer or at play,
Whatever your fortunes may be,
Open the doors of your hearts to the breeze,
Prairie winds never are still,
Hark to the surf in the cottonwood trees,
The breakers that boom on the hill.
Open your soul's windows—let in the sun—
The prairie sun gay with delight.
Where'er your wandering pathways have run,
Come home tonight.

Come home where Kansas lies under the stars
Twinkling back beauty and joy;
Come and let homely love poultice your scars.
Leave off your restless employ.
Come home where summer winds billow the wheat,
Where golden tides cover the sands;
Come—let your heart's longing hasten your feet
And home love unfetter your hands.
Come where the sunflower eagerly bends
A tawny, frank face to the light,
So do our hearts seek the joy of old friends—
Come home tonight.

—*William Allen White.*

A KANSAS CREED

We believe in Kansas, in the Glory of her Prairies, in the Richness of her Soil, in the Beauty of her Skies, and in the Healthfulness of her Climate.

We believe in the Kansas people, in their Sturdy Faith, and Abounding Enthusiasm; in their Patriotism and their Fidelity to the Good Things of Civilization; in their Respect for Law and their Love of Justice; in their Courage and Zeal; in their Independence and in their Devotion to Uplifting Influences in Education and Religion.

We believe in Kansas Institutions; in the Kansas Language and in the Kansas Ideals; in her Cleanliness of Society, and in her Demands that Honor, Sobriety, and Respect be maintained in Public and Private Life; in her Marvelous Productiveness and in her Wonderful Future.—*Charles Moreau Harger.*

THE OFFICIAL STATE BANNER

WHEREAS, Our state law calls it a desecration of "Old Glory" to have any flag, standard, color, ensign, or picture representation on any substance of any size, showing the colors, and the stars or stripes in any number to represent the United States flag: therefore,

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas:

SECTION 1. That a state banner be and the same is hereby adopted to be used on every and all occasions, when the state is officially and publically represented, with the privilege of the use by all citizens on all fitting and appropriate occasions authorized by the state authorities.

SEC. 2. That the official state banner of the state of Kansas provided for in section 1 of this act shall be of solid blue, and shall be of the same tint as the color of the field of the United States flag, whose width shall be three-fourths of its length, with a sunflower in the center, having a diameter one-third of the space of the banner, enclosing and surrounding with its petals the state seal of Kansas; above the sunflower is the word Kansas, in letters one-eighth of the length of the banner. Service banners may be made of bunting or other material of such sizes required, all conforming to the proportionate specifications.

SEC. 3. That this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the official state paper.

Approved February 26, 1925.
Published in official state paper February 27, 1925.

IN KANSAS

Oh, to be in Kansas once again!
In Kansas, where the tide of yellow wheat tosses like a sea,
And the meadows all are fragrant with the breath of Arcady,
Where the bluestem nods, and the tall spires of the timothy bend,
And stately banners of corn wave from serried ranks that have no end.

Oh, to be in Kansas once again!
In Kansas, where at noon the cattle drowse in every shaded pool,
And rivers wind about as in a dream and flow through shadows cool,
Where a locust shrills from every hill, and myriad birds skim over
The sunlit fields, and the golden bees hide in the deep red clover.

Oh, to be in Kansas once again!
In Kansas, where the earnest lives of men are silent prayers,
And the generous skies too large and clear for common cares,
Where the heart beats warm with kindly human sympathy,
And faith is calm, and the days are rich with love's sweet mystery.

—*F. L. Pinet.*

WHEN THE SUNFLOWERS BLOOM

I've bin off on a journey, I jes' got home today;
I traveled east, an' north, an' south, an' every other way;
I've seen a heap o' country, an' cities on the boom,
But I want to be in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

Oh, it's nice among the mountains, but I sorter felt shet in;
'Twould be nice upon the seashore, ef it wasn't fer the din;
While the prairies are so quiet, an' there's always lots of room;
Oh, it's nicer still in Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

You may talk about your lilies, your violets and your roses,
Your asters and your jassymins an' all the other posies;
I'll allow they all are beauties, an' full o' sweet perfume,
But there's none of 'em a patchin' to the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

When all the sky above is jest as blue as blue can be,
An' the prairies are a-wavin' like a yallar-driftin' sea,
Oh, 'tis there my soul goes sailin', an' my heart is on the boom—
In the golden fields of Kansas when the
Sun-
Flowers
Bloom.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

(Used by permission of the author.)

THE MEADOW LARK

WILFRED EGGLESTON

When happy May hath closed the verdant plain,
When summer winds are sighing in the eaves;
When violets are hiding in the leaves,
And prairie mallows skirt the dusty lane,
The meadow lark returns. Nothing of pain
May live while he is singing. No one grieves
As his melodious notes in song he weaves
A symphony of fields and waving grain.

May's lovely sky may cloud, and misty shades
Throw melancholy darkness on the moors:
From his ecstatic song no rapture fades.
Across the lonely plain his music pours,
And fills the vale and sounds throughout the glades,
And passes, upward, e'en to heaven it soars.

—*The Canadian Magazine.*

THE GATES AJAR

"I have seen a Kansas sunset like a vision in a dream,
When a halo was about me and a glory on the stream;
When the birds had ceased their music and the summer day was done.
And prismatic exhalations came a-drifting from the sun;
And those gold and purple vapors, and the holy stillness there.
Lay upon the peaceful valley like a silent evening prayer.
And I've gazed upon that atmospheric splendor of the West,
Till it seemed to me a gateway to the regions of the blest.

"I have seen a Kansas sunrise like the waking of a dream,
When every dewy blade of grass caught up the golden gleam;
When every bird renewed the song he sang the night before,
And all the silent, slumbering world returned to life once more;
When every burst of radiance called up a throng of life;
And all the living, waking world with melody was rife.
And as that flood of light and song came floating down the plain,
It seemed to me those golden gates were opened wide again."

—*Albert Bigelow Paine.*

KANSAS IN ONE SENTENCE

ELBERT HUBBARD

Kansas—a land of smiling sunshine, of winding streams, and waving corn and happy homes;

Where you have but to tickle the soil to make it laugh a harvest;

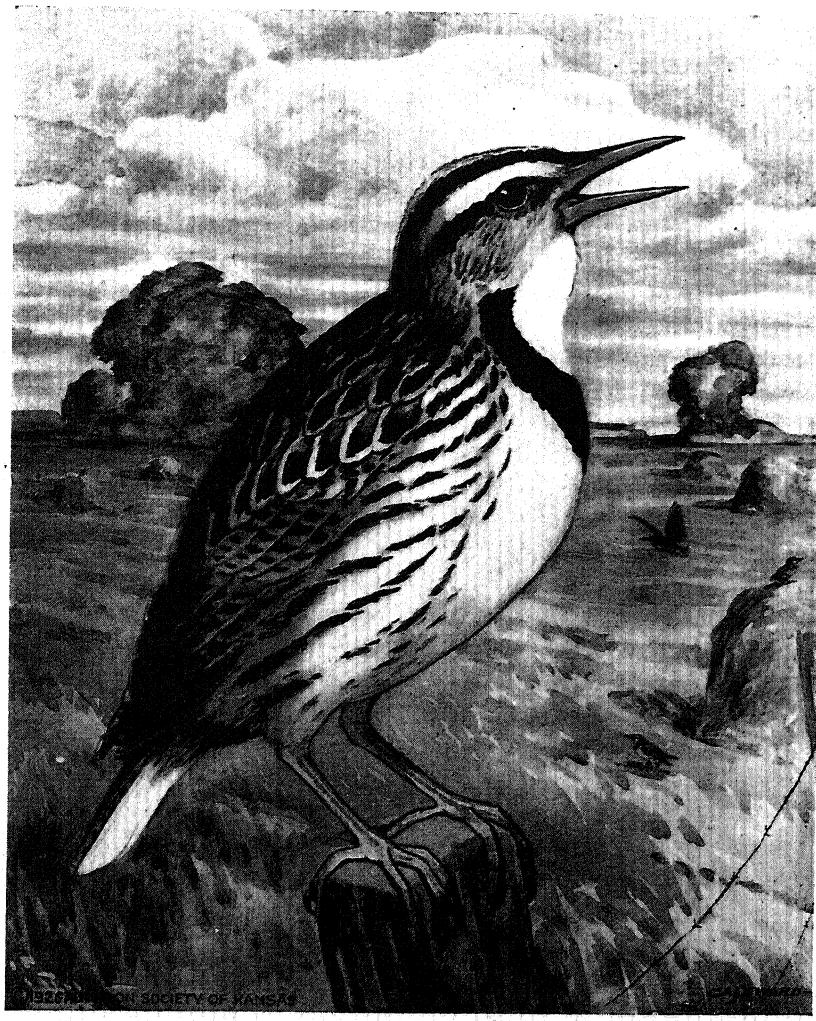
A land dotted with schoolhouses, and growing towns and villages that call themselves "cities"—this by divine right, for they have the prophetic outlook and tomorrow will be what they today think they are;

A land of pigs given to adipose, of sleek cattle, of strong horses, of handsome women, of bouncing babies, of homely, rugged men with individuality plus, who feel deeply and write vividly;

A land where hens lay lavishly and cackle in proportion, where mules gambol on the green and are not ashamed of their pedigree;

A land whose finest products are its superb physical health, their proud ambition, their high appreciation, their capacity for useful work, and their right intend;

A land where there is so much that is noble and pure and true and beautiful and good that if men in Kansas occasionally lapse, God in love and pity engages Gabriel in conversation, points to the Pleiades, looks the other way, and forgets it—happy, prosperous, smiling Kansas.



THE MEADOW LARK

KANSAS STATE BIRD

Reproduced from original painting by C. A. Seward
Copyright, 1926, by Audubon Society of Kansas

THE MEADOW LARK

The meadow lark belongs to the blackbird family. It is a trifle longer than the robin. Its upper parts are brown, streaked and barred with black; the breast is yellow, with a broad, black, v-shaped collar. The white on the sides of the tail shows as the birds fly. Oftentimes, after taking a number of wing strokes, they will sail for quite a distance before alighting. In grassy fields throughout most of the United States they are very common in summer, and in many states are to be seen also in winter. If they are not molested, some meadow larks venture into parks and vacant lots in towns.

The song of the meadow lark is a clear, plaintive whistle of unusual sweetness, very different from a blackbird's note. It differs in different parts of the country and with individual birds in the same region.

Besides its song, a meadow lark has various call notes.

The nests of these birds are well concealed in the grass. Like a number of other birds that nest on the ground, a meadow lark will either remain on the nest until a person is almost on it or will try to lead him away from it.

Many meadow larks have been shot by persons who wanted them for food or who merely wanted to shoot something. They are very useful birds, and ought to be carefully protected at all seasons. They eat grasshoppers, crickets, cotton-boll weevils, alfalfa weevils, wireworms, and caterpillars, including cutworms and army worms.

(From Moseley's "Trees, Stars and Birds." Copyrighted 1922 by World Book Company, publishers, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.)

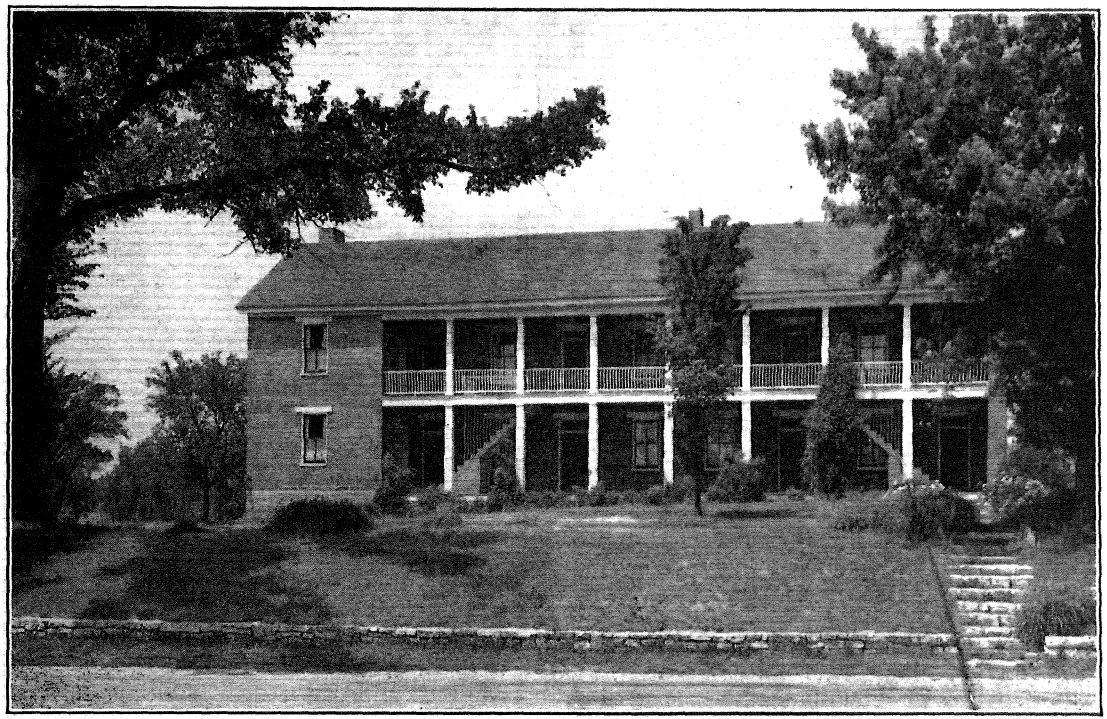
THE WESTERN MEADOW LARK

In 1924 the Audubon Society of Kansas directed attention to a more comprehensive appreciation of the birds of Kansas. Wide publicity was given through the schools and press, and on Kansas Day, 1925, the school children of the state expressed by ballot their choice of birds. A total of 121,191 votes was cast, of which the western meadow lark received 48,395. The nearest competitors were the quail, cardinal and robin. The meadow lark, however, received over 10,000 votes more than the nearest competitor. The western meadow lark is clearly the choice of the school children of Kansas and in all probability our legislature will soon give official recognition to this bird.

A Kansas naturalist has this to say of our state bird: "Kansas is primarily a prairie state, and the meadow lark is a prairie bird, typical of Kansas. So many of our birds range only in parts of the state, while the meadow lark is extremely abundant in every county. Those traveling the state by auto or train could scarcely fail to encounter these birds in every mile of the journey, since they have the habit of perching along the fence lines in the open. It is strikingly beautiful, and every child is familiar with its notes."

Our state fish and game warden comments on the meadow lark as follows: "Not only is he the friend of all mankind by cheering them with his liquid songs; but he is a helpful ally in beating back the encroachment of noxious weeds and destructive insects, and, above all, he is with us in all seasons, through drought and blizzard, sunshine and rain, plenty and proverty."

No time in all the school year will be more fitting for community meetings than Kansas Day. For rural communities a suggested plan is a "basket supper" at the schoolhouse (and let it be planned to bring no foods except Kansas products), followed either by a program given by the school or a general good time in which wholesome party games, contests, singing, etc., are indulged in by all.



One of the three main buildings of the old Methodist Shawnee Mission near Kansas City, in Johnson county, established at Turner in 1830. The first territorial legislature met at the mission after adjourning from Pawnee, now Fort Riley. The Santa Fe and Oregon trails passed in front of this building. One of the first manual training schools in the United States was established here by the government for the Indians. This mission, now owned by the state of Kansas, is one of the outstanding historic sites in the West.

Establishing an Official State March

(House bill No. 75)

AN ACT establishing a state march

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas:

SECTION 1. The march "The Kansas March," composed by Duff E. Middleton, is hereby established as the official state march of Kansas. Said march is as follows:

(*See next page*)

THE KANSAS MARCH

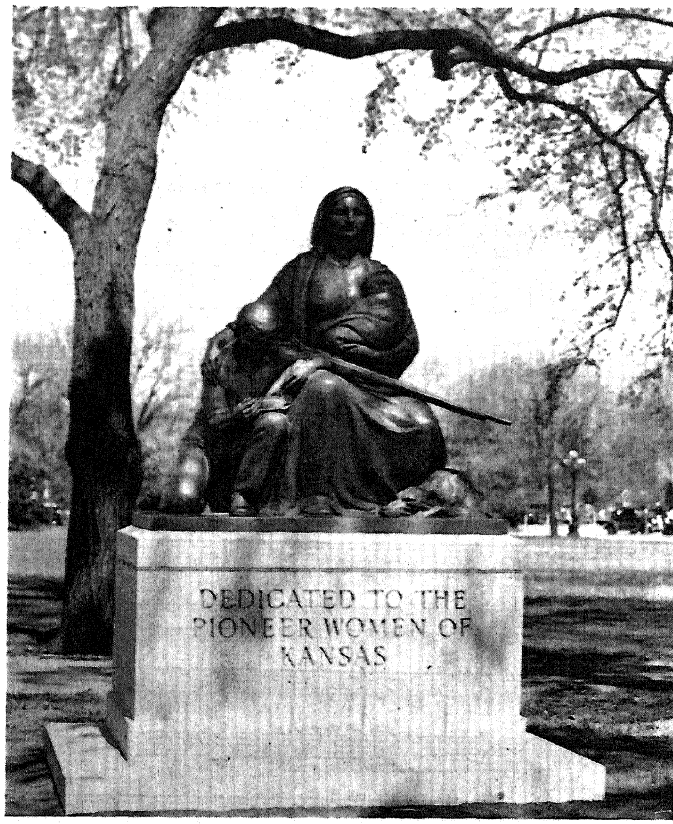
Music by Duff E. Middleton





SEC. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the statute book.

Approved March 13, 1935.



THE STATUE OF THE PIONEER WOMAN

To the southwest of the Capitol building stands the statute of the Pioneer Woman. It is a worthy and deserved tribute to the courage and devotion of the women who lived in Kansas in its early days, and did so much toward refining and civilizing the rough life of that time. The money to erect the statue was contributed by public-spirited people, lovers of art, and especially by the school children of the state in a movement sponsored and carried out by the Kansas Pioneer Woman's Association.

This statue was also designed by Mr. Gage, the sculptor of the Lincoln statue, and with that merits the thoughtful observation of all lovers of Kansas.

Lincoln's Birthday

February 12

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a man great souled and grand;
One whose deeds on history's pages,
Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a time when blood was shed,
When the boom of cannon sounded
And the star of war was red.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a shackled race set free,
Brought from out the ban of bondage
To the joys of liberty.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a nation bowed in woe,
For the hand of an assassin
Laid a noble spirit low.

'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln
Calls these pictures from the past.
And the name with the immortals
Shall endure while earth shall last.

—*Selected.*

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE CIVIL WAR

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of the Civil War. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the angels of our better nature."—*First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.*



A KANSAS STATUE TO LINCOLN

The statue of Lincoln upon the statehouse grounds southeast of the State Capitol building was made by Robert Merrill Gage, now of 456 Mesa Road, Santa Monica, California. Mr. Gage is a sculptor of national renown. He is a native Kansan, a son of whom the state is proud. When the Lincoln statue was made he resided in Topeka and the statue was modeled in a barn at the family residence at 1031 Fillmore street.

This statue has apparently a great appeal to children. It is frequently surrounded by groups of girls and boys. The editor of this volume recalls seeing a little girl seated in its lap, with her right arm around its neck and her head resting against its shoulder. She remained in that position for a long time and finally climbed down and ran dancing away.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(At the dedication of the National Cemetery, November 19, 1863)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LINCOLN'S CHARACTER

His conscience alone he served,
 However small the cause or great;
Never by friendship swerved,
 Never turned aside by hate.
Honest his least intent,
 Therefore let but one line be wrought
At last upon his monument:
 "A man who acted what he thought."

—*Selected.*

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN

By HORACE WHITE

Horace White, who followed Lincoln through the campaign of 1854, and also through the debates of 1858, reporting the speeches for papers, heard and thus describes the first speech made by Mr. Lincoln on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in reply to Douglas, in Springfield, Ill., October 4, 1854.

I heard the whole of that speech. It was a warmish day in early October, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that although awkward he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say, and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native state, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared, and he passed into that attitude of unconscious majesty that is so conspicuous in Saint Gauden's statue at the entrance of Lincoln Park, in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures were made with his body and head, rather than with his arms. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type, which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it. In such transfigured moments as these he was the type of the ancient Hebrew prophet as I learned that character at Sunday school in my childhood.

That there were, now and then, electrical discharges of high tension in Lincoln's eloquence is a fact little remembered, so few persons remain who ever came within its range. The most remarkable outburst took place at the Bloomington convention of May 29, 1856, at which the anti-Nebraska forces of Illinois were first collected and welded together as one party. Mr. John L. Scripps, editor of the Chicago *Democratic Press*, who was present—a man of gravity little likely to be carried off his feet by spoken words—said:

"Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of hitherto incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union."

Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but it has been rising and widening ever since and shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr President. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities, but a silent response to the magnetic influence of his humanty, his unselfish and world-embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women and children who never saw him, and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, world without end. Amen.

BY J. MCCAN DAVIS

Abraham Lincoln was not a deity. It is among the glories of the human race that he was a man. He stands on a pinnacle alone, the greatest man in our history—the most wondrous man of all the ages. The world will forever marvel at his origin and his career. Whence came this wondrous man? Back of Lincoln—generations before he was born—events happened which helped to shape and mold his destiny. No man escapes this inheritance from the past. We cannot know what seeds were sown a thousand years ago. We cannot see far beyond the log cabin the wilderness of Kentucky,

He came to us with no heritage save the heart and the brain which came from the fathomless deeps of the unknown.

He was endowed with that divine gift of imagination which enabled him to behold the future. The emancipation proclamation loomed in his mind when, as an unknown, friendless youth, he stood on the levee in New Orleans and saw a slave auction thirty years before the civil war. As he sat in the White House he saw beyond battles, beyond the end of the war, beyond the restoration of peace, a reunited country—the grandest nation on the globe, under a single and triumphant flag, moving down the centuries to its glorious destiny.—*From How Abraham Lincoln Became President.*

BY WILLIAM H. HERNDON

Law partner of Mr. Lincoln

This man, this long, bony, wiry, sad man floated into our country in 1831, in a frail canoe, down the north fork of the Sangamon river, friendless, penniless, powerless and alone—begging for work in this city—ragged, struggling for the common necessaries of life. This man, this peculiar man, left us in 1861, the President of the United States, backed by friends and power, by fame, and all human force; and it is well to inquire how.

To sum up, let us say, here is a sensitive, diffident, unobtrusive, natural-made gentleman. His mind was strong and deep, sincere and honest, patient and enduring; having no vices, and having only negative defects, with many positive virtues. His is a strong, honest, sagacious, manly, noble life. He stands in the foremost rank of men in all ages—their equal—one of the best types of this Christian civilization.—*Springfield, 1882.*

Lincoln was the humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history.—*Castelar.*

BY WILLIAM H. TAFT

William H. Taft, speaking on "Lincoln" on the Knox College campus, Galesburg, Ill., at the exact spot where Lincoln and Douglas engaged in debate fifty years ago.

"Certain it is that we have never had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing towards those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln. We have never had a man in public life who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did. We have never had a man in our history who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, of understanding

of the people, of common sense, of high sense of duty, of power of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as this great product of the soil of Kentucky and Illinois."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearfultrip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON ON LINCOLN

Many a night before the dawn of day I have been awakened to find the figure of my dear mother bending over me as I lay huddled up in a corner of the kitchen, praying that "Marse Lincoln" might succeed and that some day I might be free. Under these circumstances the name of Lincoln made a great impression upon me, and I never forgot the circumstances under which I first heard it.

Among the masses of the Negro people on the plantations during the war all their dreams and hopes of freedom were in some way or other coupled with the name of Lincoln. When the slaves sang

those rude plantation hymns in which thoughts of heaven and salvation were mingled with thoughts of freedom, I suspect they ferquently confused the vision of the Savior with that of the emancipator, and so salvation and freedom came to mean pretty much the same thing.

There is an old plantation hymn that runs somewhat as follows:

"We'll soon be free,
We'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore God will call us home.
It won't be long,
It won't be long,
'Fore God will call us home."

When that song was first sung, the freedom of which it spoke was the freedom that comes after death, and the home to which it referred was Heaven. After the war broke out, however, the slaves began to sing those freedom songs with greater vehemence, and they gained a new and more definite meaning. To such an extent was this the case that in Georgetown, S. C., it is said Negroes were put in jail for singing the song which I have quoted.

LINCOLN

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE

So lowly born
His birth was held in scorn
 Of men, and his estate
 So mean that Fate
 Planned how he should be great.

His noble soul
Looked to remoter goal,
 Forgave men's taunts and jeers,
 Unworthy sneers,
 But ne'er forgot their tears.

His life he gave
A sacrifice to save
 His country's life;—e'en those
 Who were his foes
 Wept when they learned its close.

Now all the earth
Acknowledges the worth
 Of that great soul;—now Fame
 Shouts to proclaim
 Lincoln's most glorious name.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

EDWIN MARKHAM, Author of *The Man with the Hoe, The Gallows-bird, etc.*

(This revised version was chosen out of two hundred fifty Lincoln poems by the committee headed by Chief Justice Taft, to be read at the dedication of the great Lincoln Memorial erected by the government in Washington, D. C., in 1922. There were one hundred thousand listeners on the ground and two million over the radio. President Harding delivered the address, and the author read the poem.)

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal vail.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff,
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves,
The friendly welcome of the wayside well,
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,
The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock,
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the west,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise—
Towering in calm, rough-hewn sublimity.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Such was he, our martyr-chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

From "An Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration."

QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN

Learn the laws and obey them.

Revolutionize through the ballot box.

No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

Our government rests on public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change our government.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling working man, I am for that thing.

You can fool some of the people all the time, or all the people

some of the time; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take, or touch, aught which they have not honestly earned.

The Lord must love the common people—that's why He made so many of them.

A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major general.

This country . . . belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Government of the people, by the people, for the people.

Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself.

Washington's Birthday

February 22

George Washington, 1732-1799

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1783

(On the monument at Valley Forge)

Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large.

And finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.

Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON

Always do your best.

Think before you speak.

Always speak the truth.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of others.

Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse nor revile.

When another speaks be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous.

When you speak of God and his attributes, let it be seriously and in reverence.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is better than precept.

Seek not to lessen the merits of others; neither give more than due praise.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame him not for what he did.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Let your recreation be manful, not sinful.

Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

The name of an American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

The love of my country will be the ruling influence of my life. Peace with all the earth is my sincere wish.

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

The day was cold and bleak. Washington, starting out from his headquarters, drew on his great coat, turned up the collar and pulled his hat down to shield his face from the biting wind. As he walked down the road to where the soldiers were fortifying a camp, no one would have known that the tall, muffled figure was the commander in chief of the army.

As he came near the camp he stopped to watch a small company of soldiers who, under command of a corporal, were building a breastwork of logs. The men were tugging at a heavy log; the corporal, important and superior, stood at one side giving orders.

"Up with it!" he cried. "Now all together! Push! Up with it I say! Now!"

A great push all together and the log was nearly in its place, but it was too heavy, and just before it reached the top of the pile it slipped and fell back.

The corporal shouted again. "Up with it, now! What ails you? Up with it, I say!"

The men tugged and strained again. The log nearly reached the top, slipped, and once more rolled back.

"Heave hard!" cried the corporal. "One, two, three! Now all together! Push!"

Another struggle, and then, just as the log was about to roll back for the third time, Washington ran forward, pushed with all his great strength, and the log rolled into place on top of the breastwork. The men, panting and perspiring, began to thank him, but he turned toward the corporal.

"Why don't you help your men with this heavy lifting when they need another hand?" he asked.

"Why don't I?" asked the man. "Don't you see I am a corporal?"

"Indeed!" replied Washington, throwing open his great coat and showing his uniform. "I am only the commander in chief. Next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me!"

(From "Happy Holidays," by Frances G. Wickes. By permission of Rand McNally & Co., publishers.)

DETERMINATION

Surmounting All Difficulties to Reach the Goal

The colonies, with their wealth and population, could have raised and equipped an army ten times as large as the force that Washington had at any time in the war. That he and his faithful comrades in arms achieved the victory in the face of these discouraging facts only entitles him to the greater glory.—*Muzzey, David S.*, "History of the American People," pp. 130-131.

EDUCATIONAL HONORS

George Washington, in view of his great service to the country, was the recipient of the highest educational honors. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the following institutions: Harvard College, April 3, 1776; Yale College, April 26, 1781; Pennsylvania College, July 4, 1783; Washington College, Chestertown, Md., June 24, 1789; Brown College, September 2, 1790.

WASHINGTON

Washington, the brave, the wise, the good.
Supreme in war, in council and in peace.
Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear,
Confident without presumption.
In disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself.
The hero, the patriot, the Christian.
The father of nations, the friend of mankind,
Who, when he had won all, renounced all,
And sought in the bosom of his family and of nature,
Retirement, and in the hope of religion, immortality.

—*Inscription at Mount Vernon.*

MT. VERNON BELLS

(Air: "Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground")

Where Potomac's stream is flowing,
Virginia's border through;
Where the white-sailed ships are going,
Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the sound of mirth and singing—
Silent every one—
While the solemn bells are ringing
By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS

Tolling and knelling,
With a sad, sweet sound,
O'er the waves the tones are swelling,
By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.

Long ago the warrior slumbered—
Our country's father slept;
Long among the angels numbered—
They the hero-soul have kept.
But the children's children love him
And his name revere;
So where willows wave above him,
Sweetly, still, his knell you hear.

Sail, O ships, across the billows,
And bear the story far,
How he sleeps beneath the willows—
"First in peace and first in war."
Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling,
Till you come again,
He within the heart is dwelling
Of his loving countrymen.

—*Stephen Collins Foster.*

RESPECT FOR EDUCATION

(1790)

Washington's interest in Education is shown in his speech to Congress in 1790.

"Nor am I less persuaded, that you will agree with me in opinion, that there is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature. Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one, in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately from the sense of the community, as in ours, it is proportionably essential. To the security of a free constitution it contributes in various ways; by convincing those who are intrusted with the public administration, that every valuable end of government is best answered by the enlightened confidence of the people; and by teaching the people themselves to know, and to value their own rights; to discern and provide against invasions of them; to distinguish between oppression and the necessary exercise of lawful authority, between burthens proceeding from a disregard to their convenience and those resulting from the inevitable exigencies of society; to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness, cherishing the first, avoiding the last, and uniting a speedy but temperate vigilance against encroachments, with an inviolable respect to the laws.

"Whether this desirable object will be the best promoted by affording aids to seminaries of learning already established, by the institution of a national university, or by any other expedients, will be well worthy of a place in the deliberations of the legislature."

GEORGE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL PLEDGE

1732—1932

As an American, I will follow the example of George Washington in upright living, integrity and in loyalty and service to my country. I will strive "never to say anything about a man that I have the slightest scruple of saying to him," and "never to forfeit my word, nor break my promise made to anyone." In heart and mind, in word and deed, I will keep faith with Washington.

NOTE.—Words quoted paraphrase the thoughts of George Washington. Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman is the author of the George Washington Bicentennial Pledge. The pledge has been widely distributed among organizations, schools and colleges.

CIRCULAR LETTER TO THE STATES

(1783)

In his last circular letter to the states, June 8, 1783, Washington summed up his public utterances: "These are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

"First. An indissoluble union of the states under one federal head.

"Secondly. A sacred regard to public justice.

"Thirdly. The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and

"Fourthly. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community. . . ."

WASHINGTON AND OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CHARLES W. ELIOT, President of Harvard University in 1889

And what shall I say in behalf of the three hundred thousand teachers of the United States? They deserve some mention today. None of them are rich or famous; most of them are poor, retiring and unnoticed; but it is they who are building a perennial monument to Washington. It is they who give him a million-tongued fame. They make him live again in the young hearts of successive generations, and fix his image there as the American ideal of a public servant.

It is through the schools and colleges of the country and the national literature that the heroes of any people win lasting renown; and it is through the same agencies that a nation is molded into the likeness of its heroes. This local commemoration of one great event in the life of Washington and of the United States is well; but it is as nothing compared with the incessant memorial of him which the schools and colleges of the country maintained from generation to generation. I have mentioned only the pupils and teachers now in school and college; but all the generations for a hundred years past have sounded the praise of this Virginia country gentleman, and countless generations to come will swell the loud acclaim. What a reward is Washington's! What an influence is his, and will be! One mind and will transfused by sympathetic instruction into millions;

one character, a standard for millions; one life a pattern for all public men, teaching what greatness is, and what the pathway to undying fame.

"Our Schools and Colleges"; in Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington, p. 379 (Response to toast, April 30, 1889, New York).

LOYALTY

To an Ideal and Purpose

Washington was an incorruptible patriot. He was one of the few rich men who was not a Tory. A very large proportion of men of large means sided with the British crown; nor must we too hastily condemn them. But Washington, who had more to lose than almost any other man in the thirteen colonies, was not blinded by vested interests, nor bound to conservative action by his wealth and station.

For the sake of the country which he loved he suffered innumerable hardships, was stung by ingratitude and hurt by slander, but he stood firm in his loyalty to the cause he had espoused, and was faithful to the end.—*Barton, William E.*, "George Washington"; address, Oak Park, Ill., February 22, 1920.

There is a life that is worth living now, as it was worth living in the former days, and that is the honest life, the useful life, the unselfish life, cleansed by devotion to an ideal. There is a battle that is worth fighting now, as it was worth fighting then, and that is the battle for justice and equality. To make our city and our state free in fact as well as in name; to break the rings that strangle real liberty, and to keep them broken; to cleanse, so far as in our power lies, the foundations of our national life from political, commercial, and social corruption; to teach our sons and daughters, by precept and example, the honor of serving such a country as America—that is work worthy of the finest manhood and womanhood . . . The well-educated are those who see deepest into the meaning and the necessity of that work. Nor shall their labor be for naught, nor the reward of their sacrifice fail them. For high in the firmament of human destiny are set the stars of faith in mankind, and unselfish courage, and loyalty to the ideal; and while they shine, the Americanism of Washington and the men who stood with him shall never, never die.—*Van Dyke, Henry*, "The Americanism of Washington," pp. 70-72.

A BRAVE SOLDIER

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

Though we never may be soldiers
On the battlefield,
Though we may not carry banner,
Bayonet or shield,
Each man can be as true and valiant
Till life's work is done;
Each can be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.
There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong,
Each can be a little soldier
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valiant be;
Fight the host of pride and envy,
Greed and cruelty.

—*Normal Instructor.*

FOR A LITTLE PUPIL

"Napoleon was great, I know,
And Julius Caesar, and all the rest,
But they didn't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best."

Arbor Day

Date Fixed by Proclamation

KANSAS' BEST LOVED TREE

A GIANT cottonwood, said to be the largest and most beautiful tree in Kansas, stands just south of the east wing of the capitol and on the southeast corner of the statehouse grounds. The tree is approximately ninety feet high and has a spread of nearly two hundred feet. It is known by everyone who knows Topeka and loved by all.

The tree is about seventy years old. There are two stories as to its origin. One is to the effect that one of the stakes brought up from the Kaw to be used for attaching the guy ropes that anchored the derricks used in elevating the massive stones in the construction of the capitol, proved to be a cottonwood. The season was unusually wet, and when workmen cleared away the debris the stake was found growing and was protected and saved.

The other story is that the tree grew from a cottonwood seed which had blown onto the grounds, and that workmen found the tender young tree in 1868 growing through the piles of debris, and that, though the top was broken off, they saved it from destruction.

Be the origin of the grand old tree as it may, it has not been planted and is the only naturally growing tree on the grounds.

During Governor Morrill's administration an appropriation was secured to beautify the statehouse grounds. The New England landscape gardner wanted to cut the tree down, but at the urgent insistence of a group of men who had grown to love the tree, the governor and the landscape artist reluctantly spared the tree.

THREE KINDS OF PLANTING

"Plant trees; by all means, plant trees. That's number one. But don't forget to plant also the love of trees. That's number two. For this kind of planting, the best soil is the heart of childhood and of youth. And while you are about it, plant, likewise, knowledge concerning trees. That's number three. Not necessarily the forester's technical knowledge; just a comfortable "working knowledge," you know. The leading species and how to distinguish them; how, and what kind to select for planting—or to reject; how to set out a tree; how to care for and protect it; and so on.—*Selected.*

GIANT COTTONWOOD LOCATED ON STATEHOUSE GROUNDS

AN ARBOR DAY SUGGESTION

There are many beautiful plants, annual and perennial flowers, trees and shrubs, to be found on the prairies and in the valleys of Kansas. They are all interesting. Some of them may some day become rare or extinct unless cared for. It would be both useful and interesting if the schools of Kansas would plant these upon the school grounds. They are native and most of them respond vigorously to cultivation and care. An inquiry directed to the Kansas State College at Manhattan will bring information consisting of lists of plants, bulletins, etc.

ARBOR DAY BREVITIES

Arbor Day was started in Nebraska in 1872. J. Sterling Morton was the founder of it.

Practically all of the states and territories have adopted Arbor Day, and millions of trees are set out every year.

The first public planting of trees in honor of the memory of distinguished people took place in Cincinnati, Ohio, several years ago.

Our country has made a great mistake in cutting down so many trees and spoiling our splendid forest. Trees not only make the earth more beautiful to look at and enjoy, but they do a great deal of good beside.

Forests affect the climate of a country. They prevent extremes of heat and cold, and the sudden changes in weather that spoil crops.

Forests help the farmers by forming a wall that protects the growing crops.

More rain falls every year in the forests than in the open fields. A portion of this rain is caught by the leaves and held, and then dropped down afterwards to the earth gradually. This is better for the soil than if it all fell upon the earth at once.

The carpet of leaves in the forests makes the earth there like a sponge, and it takes up the rains and melting snows and holds them and lets the moisture down into the soil, little by little. This spongy leaf-mold keeps the earth from freezing so hard there so that it can take up the rain.

Old limbs and trunks of trees and big roots that stand out on the surface stop the water that comes pouring down the hillsides, and slowly fills the springs and rivers.

When the forests are cut down and the ground burned over, the leafy, sponge-like mold is burned too, and the melting snows and rainfalls rush down the hills and do great harm.

Large roots of trees will push their way underground and into rocks and make little hollow places for the water to run through, and that keeps the springs open all the year.

If trees are planted in sandy deserts, by and by good soil will be formed, where other things can grow. Then people can live in these places. Trees make the air purer. The leaves take in the impure air which we breathe out. They make it over in their little cells and give it back to us pure air again.

Trees give out a great deal of moisture. A town or city without any trees would be a great deal hotter and drier in the summer time.

ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day is a day set apart for the planting of trees. Honored most of all by the children of the public schools, the day's observance is a part of the movement to save and renew the forest and other natural resources. The first Arbor Day was celebrated in Nebraska in 1872, and was the idea of Julius Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland. Mr. Morton deplored the fact that his state should be almost treeless, and that in other parts of the country destruction of timber areas had been wide-spread. Since that time, one by one other states have adopted the plan which he developed, and now a large proportion of them observe Arbor Day, either fixed by law or named by proclamation. The date in Kansas is named by proclamation, in March or April.

THE SERVICE OF THE TREES

"Homes!" said the forest, shagging the range,
"Lintel and floor, roof-beam and door,
Homes we build and deserts we change
To cities that smoke and roar.
Steel and stone may come to their own,
But first we shaped and prepared for th
We raise the world, who are overthrown,
We rise and toil," said the trees.

"Ships!" said the forest, tossing its plumes,
"The weltering tide we master and ride;
Oceans and smoke with hurricane dooms,
All ports of the world beside.
Iron and steel may set their seal
On hull and keel, with clanging boasts,
We have won a world to unveil and reveal

"Beauty!" the forest in silver light,
Breathed dim and strong through the sunset change;
Star-crowned, striding along height,
Lord of the lofty range.
"No stone takes lines of such vast designs—
No steel such immortal mysteries.
From the birch of the lake to the mountain pines,
We dwell with God!" said the trees

—*W. R. Bennett.*

"When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

I AM A TREE

JOHN B. MAGEE

I am a tree
God made me so.
He planted me;
He made me grow.

He made me straight
Up toward the sky.
He made me great;
He made me high.

He anchored me
With mighty roots,
And happily
He gave me fruits.

The wind and I
Make music sweet;
To glorify
The dreary street.

And this you know,
My arms I raise,
To daily show
The Father's praise.

A lesson here
Perhaps we learn;
Our head to rear,
Our face upturn.

To be as tall,
And stand erect;
And not be small,
And not abject.

Image of God!
Come let us be
Above the sod
Just like a tree.

FOREST HYMN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

(Used by permission of F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Dansville, N. Y.)

THE TREES

LUCY LARCOM

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood,
This one helps you climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are:
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

(Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company)

SHADE

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world is—shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and in these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples closed against the beat
Of noon-time's binding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

This is God's hospitality.
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

—*Theodosia Garrison*

FAMOUS TREES

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—We suggest to you to allow your pupils to secure information relating to the trees below mentioned, and then to write short descriptions of them for the information of all the pupils and their parents.

1. The Treaty Elm of Philadelphia.
2. The Charter Oak of Hartford, Conn.
3. The Liberty Elm of Boston.
4. Washington's Elm at Cambridge.
5. The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, N. Y.
6. Perry's Willow on the shore of Lake Erie.
7. The Hamilton Trees of New York.
8. The Carey Sycamore.
9. The Big Trees of California.
10. The Apple Tree of Appomattox.
11. The Tree from Napoleon's Grave.
12. Logan's Elm.
13. Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree.
14. The Baobab Tree of the Cape Verde Islands.
15. The Banyan Trees of India.
16. The Cedars of Mt. Lebanon.
17. De Soto's Oak at Tampa, Fla.

ARBOR DAY WITH THE POETS

(An exercise for six children. Pupils stand by desks and after naming authors recite the quotations.)

FIRST PUPIL—Whittier said:

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all."

SECOND PUPIL—Ben Johnson said:

"Not merely growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak three hundred years,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear.
A lily of a day is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be."

THIRD PUPIL—Holmes said:

"In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

FOURTH PUPIL—Morris wrote:

"To me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way toward the sea.
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze,
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.
The flowers below, the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven;
Thus, nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy
Tingeing life's cloud with rosy light
And all the world with poetry."

FIFTH PUPIL—Longfellow said:

"If thou art worn and heart beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

SIXTH PUPIL—Bryant Waller Procter wrote:

"Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?
What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! They cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without a stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours."

THE SCHOOL—

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime."

FROM A WRINKLED SEED

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch, in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight.
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man, and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

(From "Poems of Henry Van Dyke," copyright 1911, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons, and printed by permission of the publishers.)

THE AGE OF TREES

Man counts his life by years; the oak, by centuries. At one hundred years of age the tree is but a sapling; at five hundred it is mature and strong; at six hundred the giant king of the greenwood begins to feel the touch of time; but the decline is as slow as the growth was, and the sturdy old tree rears its proud head and reckons centures of old age just as it reckoned centuries of youth.

It has been said that the patriarchs of the forest laugh at history. Is it not true? Perhaps, when the balmy zephyrs stir the trees, the leaves whisper strange stories to one another. The oaks and the pines, and their brethren of the wood, have seen so many suns rise and set, so many seasons come and go, and so many generations pass into silence, that we may well wonder what "the story of the trees" would be to us if they had tongues to tell it, or we ears fine enough to understand.—*Anonymous.*

WHAT THE TREES TEACH

(Can be used as a dialogue for thirteen children)

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right, in defiance of wrong.
I have learned from the Maple, that beauty to win
The love of the hearts must have sweetness within.
The Beech, with its branches wide spreading and low,
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.
The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice,
It whispers of hope 'til sad mortals rejoice.
The Birch, in its wrappings of silvery gray,
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong,
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong
The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves,
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.
The Elm teaches me to be pliant, yet true;
Though bow'd by rude winds, it still rises anew.
The Lombardy Poplar point upward in praise,
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.
I am taught generosity, boundless and free,
By showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.
The Cherry tree, blushing with fruit crimson red.
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.
In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,
This truth I discern: It is inwardly white.
The firm-rooted Cedars, like sentries of old,
Show that virtues deep-rooted may also be gold.

—*Helen O. Hoyt.*

FOREST SONG

W. H. VENABLE

A song for the beautiful trees!
A song for the forest grand,
The garden of God's own land,
The pride of his centuries.
Hurrah! for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green.

For the beautiful trees a song,
The peer of a glorious realm,
The linden, the ash, and the elm,
The poplar stately and strong
Hurrah! for the beech-tree trim,
For the hickory staunch at core,
For the locust thorny and grim,
For the silvery sycamore.

A song for the palm, the pine,
And for every tree that grows,
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah! for the warders proud
Of the mountain-side and vale,
That challenge the thunder-cloud,
And buffet the stormy gale.

A song for the forest aisled,
With its gothic roof sublime,
The solemn temple of time,
Where man becometh a child,
As he lists to the anthem-roll
Of the wind in the solitude,
The hymn which telleth his soul
That God is the voice of the wood.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forest sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.
Hurrah! for the beautiful trees,
Hurrah! for the forest grand,
The pride of His centuries,
The garden of God's own land.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke;
Cut not its earth-bound ties:
O, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as the bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

THE FRIENDLY TREES

HENRY VAN DYKE

I will sing of the bounty of the big trees,
They are the green tents of the Almighty,
He hath set them up for comfort and for shelter.

Their cords hath He knotted in the earth,
He hath driven their stakes securely,
Their roots take hold of the rocks like iron.

He sendeth into their bodies the sap of life,
They lift themselves lightly toward the heavens,
They rejoice in the broadening of their branches.

Their leaves drink in the sunlight and the air.
They talk softly together when the breeze bloweth,
Their shadow in the noon-day is full of coolness.

The tall palm-trees of the plain are rich in fruit,
While the fruit ripeneth the flower unfoldeth,
The beauty of their crown is renewed on high forever.

The cedars of Lebanon are fed by the snow,
Afar on the mountain they grow like giants,
In their layers of shade a thousand years are sighing.

How fair are the trees that befriend the home of man,
The oak, and the terebinth and the sycamore,
The broad-leaved fig tree and the delicate silvery olive.

In them the Lord is loving to His little birds,
The linnets and the finches and the nightingales,
They people His pavilion with nests and with music.

The cattle also are very glad of the great tree,
They chew the cud beneath it while the sun is burning,
And there the panting sheep lie down around the shepherd.

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God.
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

Lord, when my spirit shall return to Thee,
At the foot of a friendly tree let my body be buried,
That this dust may rise and rejoice among the branches.

BEAUTIFYING RURAL SCHOOL GROUNDS

The country school yard is often a dreary place. The plain frame building of the rural school stands in the middle of its bare yard, and the ground usually is covered with tall grass and weeds. There is no bit of ground where beauty is more appropriate and where it will extend a wider and more constant favor.

There are many varieties of flowers which if planted in the fall will bloom early in the spring. Beds of tulips, daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, and narcissus, if planted and cared for in the late fall, will add cheer and attractiveness to the grounds in the spring.

Many kinds of fall flowers, if planted in the spring before school closes and given a little care through the summer, will beckon the children back to school in the fall. Plots of goldenrod, zinnias, petunias and marigold will furnish a happy atmosphere for the children's return after a summer's vacation. Clusters of shrubbery close to the buildings and near the walks, or various vines climbing the fence around the yard will make the school ground a place delighting the children as they resume their school activities.

Since we can so easily make the schoolyard beautiful, a little oasis in the lives of ourselves and of those who are to follow us, and since we get so much joy in doing it, let us hope that before long there shall not be a single barren school in the rural districts of this state.

HOW TO PLANT A TREE

1. Take up as large a root system as possible.
2. Keep the roots from drying.
3. Trim to smooth ends all torn roots.
4. Prune the top to correspond with the root area.
5. Dig the hole wide and deep, that the roots may spread out naturally.
6. Do not put tree deeper in the ground than it was before dug up.
7. Sift the fine rich surface soil, free from clods, in about the roots.
8. Pour in water and let it settle away.
9. Fill the hole with dirt, tramping in each spadeful.
10. Water the tree frequently, soaking thoroughly.
11. Keep the soil loose about the tree, free from grass and weeds.

Blow winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snowflakes of the cherry blooms!—
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The following lists of trees, shrubs, plants, bulbs, and flowers are submitted for Kansas school yards because of their adaptability to the climatic conditions of the state and because of their accessibility to practically the entire state:

Trees

elm
cottonwood
oak
ash
box elder
walnut
maple
hackberry
sycamore
catalpa
pine
cedar
willow
red bud
fruit trees (seedlings)
Chinese elm

Shrubs

sumac
tamarack
poke
buck brush
lilac
japonica
barberry
privet
spirea
mock orange
flowering almond

Plants, Bulbs and Hardy Flowers

hardy iris (flag)
yucca (soap weed)
chrysanthemum (hardy)
Shasta daisies
tulips
hyacinths
narcissus
peony
canna
dog-toothed violets
Johnny jump-up
rock violets
wild rose
buttercups
snake flowers
petunia
zinnia
Sweet William
(wild or cultivated)
larkspur
verbena (wild or cultivated)
California poppies
sunflower
coreopsis
rose moss (portulacca)
marigold
ribbon grass

Vines

trumpet vine
honeysuckle
Washington's bower
annual vines
Madeira
cinnamon
wild cucumber

"The best and highest thing a man can do in a day is to sow a seed, whether it be in the shape of a word, an act, or an acorn."

PLANT A TREE

LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear;
Thou shall teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree—
He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

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TREE PLANTING

Select straight, thrifty young trees from the nursery, or from open places, such as the seedling trees along fences. Secure as much of the tap root and its main branches as practicable. Those having an abundance of the small fibrous roots are best. More trees die from injury received in digging them than from any other cause, and the greatest care must be exercised in digging the tree, as so much of the success in transplanting depends upon how well the work is done.

In digging the trees remove the surface soil down to the roots and then cut a trench around the tree from one to four feet, according to its size. With young trees, cutting down with a sharp spade in a circle around the tree will be all that is necessary. Great care should be taken to keep the roots from the sun or the wind, for their vitality is soon lost by exposure. Retain as much soil as is possible around the roots. If the saplings are brought any distance they may be bound around by a strong sheet of canvas, or packed with dampened straw or moss. In transplanting a tree a part of the roots will be left in the ground, and it may be necessary to thin the branches so as to maintain a balance between *branches* and *roots*.

In planting, let the roots retain about the same position they had originally.

The holes for the trees should always be made before the trees are brought to the grounds. Make the holes wide enough so that the roots need not be doubled back upon themselves, and deep enough so that the tree shall stand a little deeper than originally. The surface soil being generally the best should be thrown to one side and the poorer soil from below to the other side. In filling in, the better or surface soil should be returned first, so as to be nearer the roots. If the ground be poor, partly fill the hole with rich loam from the forest, or manure. In applying manure care should be taken to keep it from direct contact with the roots.

In setting the tree, place it a trifle deeper than it stood before, spread out the roots so that none are doubled—and sift fine rich soil carefully among them so as to fill every space. Pack the soil gently but firmly about the roots, and when these have been covered deeply enough to secure them from injury and to give them a firm hold pack the ground firmly by stamping. The trees should be well watered as soon as planted, and the watering should be continued during the dry season for the first two years. The surface should not be rounded up around the trees, but the hole filled to the level

of the surrounding surface. The fresh surface around a newly planted tree should be mulched by a covering of straw, leaves or wood chips to the depth of about ten inches.—*Selected.*

WHO PLANTS A TREE

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

TREES

JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is press'd
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow hath lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Mother's Day

Second Sunday in May

MISS ANNA JARVIS, of Philadelphia, has the honor of originating Mother's Day. On Sunday, May 8, 1907, she told a friend whom she had invited to remember with her the anniversary of the death of her mother the desire to dedicate a day to all mothers. Before the next anniversary came she had interested many individuals and organizations in the observance of the second Sunday of May as Mother's Day.

As a result of her efforts Philadelphia observed the day, May 10, 1908. Miss Jarvis then became the missionary of the idea. She wrote thousands of letters to influential men in all walks of life. She interviewed many public men and pleaded for the observance of the day. Since 1912 the governor of Texas has observed the day by pardoning a number of prisoners on that day. State after state has adopted its observance. In May, 1913, Pennsylvania made it a state holiday. On May 10, 1913, a resolution was passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives to make the second Sunday in May a national holiday, "dedicated to the memory of the best mother in the world—your mother." Miss Jarvis has been the means of organizing a national organization to further the promotion of the observance of the day. It began to be observed in England as early as 1913. The second Sunday in May is observed in all churches irrespective of creed and the previous Friday is observed in all the public schools. It is observed through some distinct act of kindness, visit, letter, gift or tribute to show remembrance of the mother to whom general affection is due. It is also observed as Father's Day, and "is designated to perpetuate all family ties." Its slogan is in honor of "the best mother who ever lived." The badge of the day is a white carnation. Custom dedicates a white flower for a dead mother and colored for living.

MOTHER LOVE

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity—

and if misfortune overtake him he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*

MOTHERS OF MEN

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not —
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part;
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troup, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam or wave;
But oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, spotless in a world of shame;
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

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WHEN GRANDMA VISITS US

My grandma's come to visit us,
Before I go to bed,
She tells me 'bout long, long ago,
What mother did and said.

And when I hear her stories,
I wish I'd been alive,
When mother was a little girl,
Not more than four or five.

—*Selected.*

NOBODY KNOWS—BUT MOTHER

Nobody knows the work it makes
To keep the home together.
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but Mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only Mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only Mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only Mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but Mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but Mother.

A MOTHER'S EVENING HYMN

By MARTIN LUTHER

(Translated by John Christian Jacobi, 1722)

Sleep well, my dear, sleep safe and free;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber nights nor days.

Thou liest in down, soft every way;
Thy Saviour lay in straw and hay;
Thy cradle is far better drest
Than the hard crib where He did rest.

God make thy mother's health increase,
To see thee grow in strength and grace,
In wisdom and humility,
An infant Jesus did for thee.

Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest;
And if with riper years thou'rt blest,
Increase in wisdom, day and night,
Till thou attain'st eternal light.

WHAT MATTERS

By MYRTLE BARBER CARPENTER

My mother says she does not care
About the color of my hair,
Nor if my eyes are blue or brown
Nor if my nose turns up or down—
It really doesn't matter.

And mother says she does not care
If I am dark or if I'm fair,
Nor if I'm thin or if I'm fat;
She does not fret o'er thing like that—
It really doesn't matter.

But if I cheat or tell a lie
Or say mean things to make folks cry,
Or if I'm rude or impolite
And do not try to do the right—
Then that does really matter.

It isn't looks that make one great,
But character that seals your fate;
It's what's within your heart, you see,
That makes or mars your destiny—
And that does really matter.

QUOTATIONS

God could not be everywhere, therefore He made mothers.—*Lew Wallace.*

Womanliness means only motherhood; all love begins and ends there.—*Robert Browning.*

> Absent many a year—
> Far o'er the sea, his sweetest dreams were still
> Of that dear voice that soothed his infancy.
> —*Southey.*

All the eloquence, the poetry of all the languages of men, all the art of painter's brush and sculptor's chisel; all that music has ever told—the whole is but a vain striving toward the expression of love for mother.

Many an eminent man in the zenith of his fame is regarded as the product of some party or system, but when the label grows dim and disappears, there stands out in the life the deeply graven name, "Mother," perhaps all unknown to the crowd which applauds her son.

Though other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds—plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins—there is only one mother in all the wide world.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

God wishes to be worshipped in every home. Thus He made a mother's love divine, for where mother is loved, there God is loved. All the saints are not named in the Bible, nor known in the church. If we should canonize all those who live holy and self-sacrificing lives, there would be few mothers who would not be known as saints. —*Rev. Harry Westbrook Reed.*

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A LITTLE BIRD TELLS

Now, isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do?
If a body does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells.

Now, where that little bird comes from,
Or where that little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage
Or black as the king of crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or as clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depth of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells;
No matter—wherever it happens—
The little bird tells.

And the only way you may stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your words and actions,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.

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MOTHER'S DAY QUOTATIONS

My mother! Manhood's anxious brow
And sterner care have long been mine;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumber blessed.
—*George W. Bethune.*

Oh, you who have a mother dear,
Let not a word or act give pain;
But cherish, love her, with your life—
You ne'er can have her like again.

The Mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage
But for her gentle caress, a Christian man;
Then crown her Queen of the World!
—*Old Play.*

Her arms first cradled me with mother love and care;
Her eyes first beamed their welcome to my sight;
Her voice was sweetest lullaby by day and night;
Her faith taught me to lisp the name of God in prayer;
Her ear, alert to catch my cry of grief or pain;
Her hand, outstretched with cheer, my feeble steps to guide;
Her heart, so quick to note my growth, with joy and pride;
Her hope, full high, that I should wear the wreath of fame.
—*S. N. Wilson.*

Each day you live
Means one day more of life to her.
Each thought you give
Means more than honors can confer.
Each letter sent
Brings her a joy that floods her heart
With sweet content,
And makes her proud to do her part;
But oh! the skies
Are black if death claim you, son,
For Mother dies
Ten thousand deaths when you die one.
—*Percy Waxman.*

Remember—if I were asked to give a thought which in one word would speak
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy complete,
A hundred happy, cheery ways, a mind that knows its own,
Contented midst a throng of folk, yet peaceful when alone,
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to brighten many another,
Without a moment of delay, I'd say, "You mean my mother."

Some there be that sow the seed and reap the golden grain;
And some there be that buy and sell, and find therein their gain;
And some do build with skillful craft; and some with curious art
Do paint or carve; and some do sing. So each doth do his part.
And some there be—most blessed these—to deeds of mercy given;
And some do heal the sick, and some do lead the way to Heaven;
But holiest task of all is thine, oh Mother, with thy child!
For thee and him all workers toil, all craftsmen carve and build.

—*Sarah Louise Arnold.*

Do you think the dreary distance
Keeps the heart of me away?
Can't you hear me calling to you
As I called but yesterday?

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

A mother's love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above.
To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love that can grow old—
This is mother's love.

—*Montgomery.*

Youth fades; love droops; the heavens of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CHILD AND MOTHER

EUGENE FIELD

O Mother-My-Love, if you give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The dream land that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming
And the flowers and the birds are all filling the air
With fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you,
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often.
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which my dreaming shall soften.
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

WHAT MOTHER THINKS

While walking through a crowded, down-town street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to his comrade turn and say:
"Listen, Jimmy, let me tell youse, I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am.

"Gee, Jim, she t'inks dat I'm a wonder, and she knows her little lad
Could never mix wid nothin' dat was ugly, mean, or bad.
Lots er times I sits and t'inks how nice 't would be—gee whiz!—
If a feller only was de feller dat his mother t'inks he is!"

My friends, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint with your eyes fixed on a star;
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

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LIKE ME

By ALICE E. ALLEN

When mother tells us stories,
The ones I like begin,
"When I was just a little girl
Like Mary Katherine."

But I feel sort of sorry
For Richard after all,
And Billy—Billy is my twin—
And Phil and little Paul

For though they are my brothers,
They're only boys, you see,
And they can't think as I can, "Once
Mother was just like me!"

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

If I were doomed of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Mother's Day, of course, is for mother most of all, but the following tribute to Father on this day may not be out of place since he is so intimately associated with home and Mother:

DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind—
He'd rather let the women see to that;
He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind,
And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong
On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink;
But he can work like sin the whole year long,
And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July,
He didn't bawl the way my sister did;
He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, good-bye."
(He's got his feelin's but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when mother writes about the things
That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of,
There's one short line that every letter brings:
"Father will write, and meanwhile sends his love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he will—
There's lots of funny prophecies come true;
But if he just keeps promisin' to, still,
I'll understand, and dad'l know I do.

—*From Poems of American Patriotism.*

Memorial Day

May 30

FIRST MEMORIAL DAY PROCLAMATION

GENERAL ORDERS. No. 11

HEADQUARTERS, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1868.

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and those bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form or ceremony is prescribed, but post and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains and their deaths a tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old

flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon the Nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the commander in chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By command of JOHN A. LOGAN,
N. P. CHIPMAN, *Adjutant General.* *Commander in Chief.*

In addition to the above order should be read the unequaled and time-honored address delivered by Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg, on November 19, 1863.

MEMORIAL DAY

Is it enough to think today
Of all our brave, then put away
The thought until a year has sped?
Is this full honor for our dead?

Is it enough to sing a song
And deck a grave; and all year long
Forget the brave who died that we
Might keep our great land proud and free?

Full service needs a greater toll—
That we who live give heart and soul
To keep the land they died to save,
And be ourselves, in turn, the brave!

—*Annette Wynne.*

(Reprinted by permission from "For Days and Days," by Annette Wynne. Sopyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

THE PATRIOT

Above fear, above danger, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon if he falls in defense of the laws and liberties of his country.—*Daniel Webster.*

MAY THIRTIETH

Observed by the Entire Nation

Sacred to the memory of soldiers; of those who gave their lives for American independence, for the flag in 1812, in the war with Mexico, with Spain; of those who wore the blue, the gray, the khaki.

It is the great privilege of the public school on Memorial Day to rededicate the lives of the living to the high ideals of those who died for the faith they held.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue
And the lilies we twined for the gray
 We have bound in a wreath
 And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
 And the fierce old fight
 Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
 And the sons of those
 That have faced as foes
Are marching together today.

But the rose we plucked for the blue
And the lilies we twined for the gray
 We have bound in a wreath
 And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

THE NEW BROTHERHOOD

EDGAR A. GUEST

We are sifting out the selfishness that marred our olden creeds,
From the vineyards where we labor we are throwing out the weeds,
We are building for the future to a nobler, better plan,
For the world has caught the vision of the brotherhood of man.

We have put the past behind us. As the sturdy pioneers
Saw within the tangled forest all the glory of the years;
So we face our trials calmy, for beyond them we can see
The greater goals of freedom and the world that is to be.

(Used by permission of Reilly & Lee, publishers, Chicago.)

Honor, then, to the American soldier, now and forever. Honor him in sermon and speech. Honor him in sonnet, stanza and epic. Honor him in the historic page. Honor him in the unwasting forms by which Art seeks to prolong his well-earned fame.—*John L. Swift.*

THE PASSING OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

He is the youth of America, taken untimely;
Symbol of countless thousands who perished young;
Sinew and bone of a nation, crushed in the making;
The poet, his song half sung.
You, who dwell in a liberty bought by his passing,
It is your son, your brother, buried here.
Pause for a moment, forgetting the day's occupation.
Offer a prayer—a tear!

(Used with permission of author.)

THE LAND OF LIBERTY

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forest, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
I hear from morn till night;
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
All have their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
"The Land of Liberty."

(From "Selections for Public Speaking," Proctor and Stroop, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

MEMORIAL FLOWERS

(For four girls. Each speaker should carry a bouquet of flowers)

FIRST GIRL:

A bunch of fragrant violets
As my offering I've brought—
True blue, as were the soldiers
When for the right they fought.

SECOND GIRL:

I bring the golden buttercups,
So hardy and so brave;
What flowers can be more fitting
To deck a soldier's grave?

THIRD GIRL:

I bring a bunch of daises
Some humble grave to crown—
As innocent as the pure, young lives
So willingly laid down.

FOURTH GIRL:

This bunch of purple lilac
As my offering I bring;
'Tis fragrant as the memory
Of him whose praise I sing.

ALL:

We've often heard the story
Of how the brave men fought,
And, as a tribute of our love,
These flowers we have brought.
We will ne'er forget the soldiers;
And when we've passed away,
May other hands the flowers bring
Each Decoration Day.

(Selected from Grand Army Flag Day Book, Rhode Island Schools.)

A NATION'S BUILDERS

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Not gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

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From the battlements of Heaven today there look down upon us the spirits of both the Union and the Confederate dead. I believe that as together, in the clearer light of the spirit land, they see right from wrong, the Confederate and the Federal alike join with us in gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God that the issue of the war was liberty and nationality, and *not* slavery and secession. —*C. M. Depew.*

We know that all over this broad land this Memorial Day has been dedicated to the beautiful custom of decorating with earth's fairest and freshest flowers the graves of the patriot men who died that we might possess in peace a united country and a government worth having. The fragrance of these flowers, rising to heaven from such alters, cannot but prove an acceptable peace-offering at the throne of Him who holds in his hands the destiny of all people.— *W. T. Sherman.*

(By permission of March Brothers, publishers, Lebanon, Ohio.)

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD

The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their name. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them, and the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips.

Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead, that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead, that yet act? Are they dead, that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It *was* your son, but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households—he who died from the family that he might live to the nation.

Not one man shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by and by, be confessed by our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulet nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement.

Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives, and as the nation shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow; till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverend honors which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrances.—*H. W. Beecher.*

(By permission of March Brothers, publishers, Lebanon, Ohio)

TO HIM WHO DIED ALONE

O, Wind, if thou should find a grave,
By every human love forgot,
Where lonely sleeps some soldier brave,
Sigh softly o'er the spot.
Rustle the wild, long grasses there,
And through thy chambers vast awake
The echoes of his parting prayer,
Who died for freedom's sake.

Take roses in both hands and strew
The graves of those to honor unknown;
But, oh! one tender thought is due
To him who died alone.
Alone with none but God to see
The young brave soul his bondage break;
And yet he fought for liberty,
And died for freedom's sake.

—*Amelia Barr.*

MEMORIAL DAY

In distant fields of sunny France
Where strangers come and go,
Amid the farms of Flanders, where
The fragrant breezes blow,
Our soldier-dead in quiet sleep
'Neath crosses row on row.

Here shrapnel shells once shrieked and burst
And took their toll of death;
The very wind, itself a foe,
Bore poison on its breath.
Above their graves the birds now sing

As round that home of yore,
When, care-free boys, they romped and played;
Those childhood days soon o'er,
The boys to brave and strong men grown,
They romped and played no more.

They put aside their childish toys,
A man's work each must do,
And when their country called for them,
To her they answered true.

"We must protect our native land:
She shall not suffer wrong,
For she has reared and nurtured us—
We're men and we are strong.
We'll bid good-by to those we love;
It will not be for long."

With aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes
We watched them go away.
Some have returned, but many sleep
In foreign lands today.

Where English roses bloom and fade,
In France where lilies grow,
Among the fields of Flanders, where
The scarlet poppies blow,
Our soldier-dead are not forgot
Though strangers come and go.

—*Eula Gladys Lincoln.*

Patriotism is that majestic emotion which makes you rise superior to all obstacles, support all weariness willingly, accept all discipline and joyfully face all dangers.—*Marshal Joffre.*

YE ARE NOT DEAD

FRANK E. HERING

In Flanders still the poppies grow
Among the crosses, bending low
On fragile stems, their cups of red
Like censers swinging o'er the dead
That fell short days ago.

Ye are not dead! If it were so
We that abide could never go
As blithely marching by your bed
In Flanders fields.

Because your bodies lie below,
Above, with an intenser glow,
The torch moves on; in your brave stead
Men dare to bleed as ye have bled—
That larks may sing, and poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

—*Nevada Educational Bulletin, Nov., 1931.*

(This answer to the poem "In Flanders Fields" was first read along the Flanders Front in December, 1918.)

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue;
Under the other the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the bloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with unbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the gray.

—*Francis Miles Finch.*

AWAKE, MY COUNTRY!

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words came out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

QUOTATIONS

These are the flowers I love the best,
And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
On Decoration Day.
—*Susie M. Best.*

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter today!
For each one some fond heart weeps;
So, children dear, make the spot less drear
Wherever a soldier sleeps.

They were American soldiers—so are we. They were fighting an American battle—so are we. They were climbing a height—so are we. Give us time, and we, too, shall triumph.—*George William Curtis.*

Tears for the grief of a father,
For a mother's anguish, tears;
But for him that died for his country,
Glory and endless years.
—*W. D. Howells.*

They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. All honor to the brave! They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Bring ye blossoms of the May
For the brave beloved dead;
Tender memories rise today
O'er each fallen hero's bed.

Bring ye blossoms of the May,
Strew each humble soldier's grave;
Liberty shall kneel today,
Honoring the true and brave.

He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the bench, the forge, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown.—*John M. Thurston.*

Cover them over—yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.
—*Will Carleton.*

The only debt that the nation can never repay is the one to her old soldiers.

Grave deep their memory on your hearts,
Keep ye their country free;
Live for the flag for which they died—
This is their legacy.
—*N. M. Lowater.*

Peace to the brave who nobly fell
Beneath our flag, their hope and pride!
They fought like heroes long and well,
And then like heroes died.
—*W. T. Adams.*

Hallow ye each lonely grave,
Make their memory sure and blest;
For their lives they nobly gave,
And their spirits are at rest.

Let us scatter over their graves the brightest beauties of life—the glad tokens of a blessed immortality.—*George S. Mitchell.*

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have born the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledged gift of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places through this broad land, purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.—*William McKinley.*

He loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses on tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields.—*John M. Thurston.*

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea;
Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed;
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the sea.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
—*Taylor.*

OUR LOYAL WOMEN

PROFESSOR LONG

There were silent factors in that war—heroes whose fame it is not the custom to sing—soldiers outside the ranks, who never bore arms and yet bore all the burdens of war, soldiers as much beloved by those in front, and more than the commander-in-chief himself, and whose sympathy and courage and work in the war was a strong support and aid in its successful issue—I allude to our loyal women. God only knows what they suffered, and did it how nobly!

When the time of parting came, who can measure the anguish of that last good-by? Who can estimate the courage of the wife who held bravely back the feelings of grief as her trembling lips spoke to her loved campanion her last words of cheer, and held aloft the babe to wave farewell—perhaps eternal, as he turned on the hilltop to take one more look—perhaps his last.

When the husbands and fathers and brothers were away in danger, down in the camp in wood and swamp and field, she, with a power of body and mind unthought of, raised the crops and cared for the family, laboring under the constant dread lest the next mail that came from the lines would tell of the death of her loved one. Their letters from home, full of tenderness, of love and cheer, nerved the arm and fired the heart to noble deeds. The sister that did the part of brothers, the wife that did the double duty of provider and protector, the "girl you left behind you," whose white hands were nightly folded in prayer to the God of Battle for your safety and return, the mother who willingly, yet sadly, gave the boys on whom she looked with pride—must be counted among our heroes and receive our homage.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

Strew lightly o'er the soldier's grave
 The springtime blossoms fresh and white,
 And deck with wreaths and garlands bright
The silent couches of the brave.

They fought—they died—they lie at rest
 Beneath yon low and grassy mounds;
 No more for them the trumpet sounds
To thrill the patriotic breast.

But though they mingle with the dust
 In that dark kingdom, where Decay
 Sits throned in his halls of clay,
Their memory is free from rust.

For well we love to honor those
 Who bravely fell amid the fight,
 Who sank in all their vanquished might
Upon the field among their foes.

We honor both—the Blue, the Gray—
 For time hath blotted from the mind
 All bitter thoughts and words unkind
And washed all prejudice away.

And we remember only this—
They bravely fought—they bravely died;
And, hero-like, their souls should ride
Along the ether seas of bliss.

Then spread upon each grave today
The fragrant blossoms of the spring,
And simple wreaths and garland fling
Above the soldier's honored clay.

—*Henry D. Muir, May 30, 1891.*

THEY FOUGHT FOR YOU

Soldiers in homespun,
Soldiers in blue,
Soldiers in khaki,
All fought for you.
Soldiers of fortune,
With Fortune's hand bring
Field flowers and home flowers—
A glad offering
For those who on battlefields
Suffering and bled.
Honor the soldiers,
Living or dead.
Soldiers in homespun,
Soldiers in blue,
Soldiers in khaki,
All fought for you!

—*Minnie E. Hayes, in School Bulletin.*

Remember we are one country now. Dismiss from your minds all sectional feeling, and bring your children up to be, above all, Americans.—*Robt. E. Lee.*

POPPIES—A MEMORIAL DAY ECHO

ELIZABETH EBRIGHT

See that girl in blue? She's selling poppies—
Paper ones that we poor devils made!
I can't believe she's almost thirty-seven—
Pretty, still—and that same shade of blue!
We used to be engaged, you see. And then—
I went to war . . . What's that? Does she come here?
Here? And see me now—like this? And pity me?
She thinks I'm dead . . . I wanted it that way.

Paper flowers—strange that she should sell them!
Flimsy, twisted, ugly things—like me!
Perhaps she thinks of Flanders Fields: real poppies—
Or maybe thinks of me—and all our dreams.
. . . Married? No. She never has. At times
I think it might be better if she had.
And then, again, I think I couldn't stand it!
Wouldn't want to know—

I only see her once a year. But yet,
It gives me something to look forward to.
The first of May I start to count the days:
She'll come to get the poppies. I'll look out
From this north window, watch her there all day—
And then—the day is gone. Another year.
With paper flowers—endless ones—to make.
Another year—red poppies . . . Look! She's gone!

THE THINGS THAT MAKE A SOLDIER GREAT

EDGAR A. GUEST

The things that make a soldier great and send him out to die,
To face the flaming cannon's mouth nor ever question why,
Are lilacs by a little porch, the row of tulips red,
The peonies and pansies, too, the old petunia bed,
The grass plot where his children play, the roses on the wall:
'Tis these that make a soldier great. He's fighting for them all.

'Tis not the pomp and pride of kings that make a soldier brave;
'Tis not allegiance to the flag that over him may wave;
For soldiers never fight so well on land or on the foam
As when behind the cause they see the little place called home.
Endanger but that humble street whereon his children run,
You make a soldier of the man who never bore a gun.

What is it through the battle smoke the valiant soldier sees?
The little garden far away, the budding apple trees,
The little patch of ground back there, the children at their play,
Perhaps a tiny mound behind the simple church of gray.
The golden thread of courage isn't linked to castle dome
But to the spot, where'er it be—the humble spot called home.

And now the lilacs bud again and all is lovely there
And homesick soldiers far away know spring is in the air;
The tulips come to bloom again, the grass once more is green,
And every man can see the spot where all his joys have been.
He sees his children smile at him, he hears the bugle call,
And only death can stop him now—he's fighting for them all.

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Flag Day

June 14

(See Flag Code)

The story of our Flag is one that every boy and girl in the public school should know. It is the story of our country, its achievements, its hopes, its ideals. The educating of children is sadly incomplete if it does not instill into the hearts of those we teach a love for the Flag and the country for which it stands. If our country is to endure, if its progress of tomorrow keeps pace with that of today and yesterday, it will be because the citizenry of tomorrow loves and protects, with patriotic fervor, the American Flag.

FLAG DAY, 1940

What's a flag? What's the love of country for which it stands? Mayby it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noontide in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in western Kansas, it is the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon, and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairyman going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor and parson tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country be-

cause there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others were once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is Summer and Winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful Winter. It is the minuteman standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond, Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people in pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failing, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imaginations and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the Flag—the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.

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OUR FLAG

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Dearly we prize its colors,
With heaven light breaking through,
The clustered stars and steadfast bars,
The red, the white, the blue.

A PATRIOTIC WISH

EDGAR A. GUEST

I'd like to be the sort of man the Flag could boast about;
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without.
I'd like to be the type of man that really is American:
The head erect and shoulders square,
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
That all men picture when they see
The glorious banner of the free.

.

I'd like to be the sort of man the Flag's supposed to mean,
The man that all, in fancy, see wherever it is seen:
The chap that's ready for a fight
Wherever there's a wrong to right,
The friend in every time of need,
The doer of the daring deed,
The clean and generous-handed man
That is a real American.

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HISTORY OF THE FLAG

The Flag of the United States of America is the third oldest of the national standards of the world; older than the Union Jack of Britain or the Tricolor of France.

The Flag was first authorized by Congress June 14, 1777. This date is now observed as Flag Day throughout America.

The Flag was first flown from Fort Stanwix, on the site of the present City of Rome, New York, on August 3, 1777. It was first under fire three days later in the battle of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

It was first decreed that there should be a star and a stripe for each state, making thirteen of both; for the states at that time had just been erected from the original thirteen colonies.

The colors of the Flag may be thus explained: The red is for valor, zeal and fervency; the white for hope, purity, cleanliness of life, and rectitude of conduct; the blue, the color of Heaven, for reverence to God, loyalty, sincerity, justice and truth.

The star (an ancient symbol of India, Persia and Egypt) symbolizes dominion and sovereignty, as well as lofty aspiration. The constellation of the stars within the union, one star for each state, is emblematic of our federal constitution which reserves to the states their individual sovereignty except as to rights delegated by them to the federal government.

The symbolism of the Flag was thus interpreted by Washington: "We take the stars from Heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

In 1794 Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union and the number of the stars and stripes was raised to fifteen in correspondence. As other states came into the Union it became evident there would be too many stripes. So in 1818 Congress enacted that the number of stripes be reduced and restricted henceforth to thirteen, representing the thirteen original states; while a star should be added for each succeeding state. That law is the law of today.

The name "Old Glory" was given to our National Flag August 10, 1831, by Capt. William Driver of the brig *Charles Doggett.*

The Flag was first carried in battle at the Brandywine, September 11, 1777. It first flew over foreign territory January 28, 1778, at Nassau, Bahama Islands; Fort Nassau having been captured by the Americans in the course of the war for independence. The first foreign salute to the Flag was rendered by the French Admiral La-Motte Piquet, off Quiberon Bay, February 13, 1778.

The United States Flag is unique in the deep and noble significance of its message to the entire world, a message of national independence, of individual liberty, of idealism, of patriotism.

It symbolizes national independence and popular sovereignty. It is not the Flag of a reigning family or royal house, but of a hundred million free people welded into a nation, one and inseparable, united not only by community of interest but by vital unity of sentiment and purpose; a nation distinguished for the clear individual conception of its citizens alike of their duties and their privileges, their obligations and their rights.

It incarnates for all mankind the spirit of liberty and the glorious ideal of human freedom; not the freedom of unrestraint or the liberty of license, but an unique ideal of equal opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, safeguarded by the stern and lofty principles of duty, of righteousness and of justice, and attainable by obedience to self-imposed laws.

Floating from the lofty pinnacle of American idealism, it is a beacon of enduring hope, like the famous Bartholdi Statue of Liberty enlightening the world to the oppressed of all lands. It floats over a wondrous assemblage of people from every racial stock of the

earth whose united hearts constitute an indivisible and invincible force for the defense and succor of the downtrodden.

It embodies the essence of patriotism. Its spirit is the spirit of the American nation. Its history is the history of the American people. Emblazoned upon its folds in letters of living light are the names and fame of our heroic dead, the Fathers of the Republic who devoted upon its altars their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. Twice told tales of national honor and glory cluster thickly about it. Ever victorious, it has emerged triumphant from eight great national conflicts. It flew at Saratoga, at Yorktown, at Palo Alto, at Gettysburg, at Manila Bay, at Chateau-Thierry. It bears witness to the immense expansion of our national boundaries, the development of our natural resources, and the splendid structure of our civilization. It prophesies the triumph of popular government, of civic and religious liberty and of national righteousness throughout the world.

The Flag first rose over thirteen states along the Atlantic seaboard, with a population of some three million people. Today it flies over forty-eight states, extending across the continent, and over great islands of the two oceans; and one hundred thirty millions owe it allegiance. It has been brought to this proud position by love and sacrifice. Citizens have advanced it and heroes have died for it. It is the sign made visible of the strong spirit that has brought liberty and prosperity to the people of America. It is the flag of all of us alike. Let us accord it honor and loyalty.

(Used with special permission from the *American Legion*.)

THE SCHOOLHOUSE FLAG

In cities and in villages, in country districts scattered wide,
Above the schoolhouse door it floats—a thing of beauty and pride;
The poorest child, the richest heir—'tis their's in common to adore,
For 'tis their flag that proudly floats—the flag above the schoolhouse door!

What does it mean, O careless boy, O thoughtless girl at happy play?
Red for the blood your fathers shed on some far-off eventful day—
White for the loyalty and faith of countless women who forebore
To mourn, but gave their all to save the flag above the schoolhouse door.

And blue—sweet hope's ethereal blue—the color of true loyalty—
Red, white and blue, united in one grand, harmonious trinity!
'Tis yours to love! 'tis yours to serve! 'tis yours to cherish evermore!
God keep it ever floating there—the flag above the schoolhouse door!

—*Harriet C. Le Roy in Youth's Companion.*

(Used by permission of the *Youth's Companion* and Mrs. Ruth Wilcox Le Roy.)

DAYS FOR DISPLAY OF FLAG

It is suggested that the Flag be displayed on all historic and special occasions and on national and state holidays. The following list is given as a guide for schools:

January 29—Kansas Day.
February 12—Lincoln's Birthday.
February 22—Washington's Birthday.
Second Sunday in May—Mother's Day.
May 30—Memorial Day. (The Flag is to be at half-staff until noon, and at full staff from noon to sunset.)
June 14—Flag Day.
July 4—Independence Day.
First Monday in September—Labor Day.
October 12—Columbus Day.
The first Tuesday after the first Monday in November in 1936, 1940, etc., every fourth year—Presidential Election.
November 11—Armistice Day.
Last Thursday in November—Thanksgiving Day.

Fling it from mast and steeple,
Symbol o'er land and sea
Of the life of an happy people,
Gallant and strong and free.
Proudly we view its colors,
Flag of the brave and true,
With the clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white, and the blue.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your Flag and my Flag!
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half the world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The glorious guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

This nation has a banner; the symbol of liberty. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty; and the galley slave, the poor, the trodden down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there a banner that carried such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service.—*Adapted from address by Henry Ward Beecher.*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

The first real American flag had its origin in the following resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777:

"*Resolved,* That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

But the flag thus resolved upon could not make itself. So a committee of Congress, accompanied by Washington, sought out the home and services of Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia—better known as "Betsy Ross"—to aid them in the flag-making, and gave to this country that red, white, and blue banner which is the admiration of all nations and the unfailing joy of every true American.—*New York Manual Patriotism.*

"Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!"

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE SCHOOL AND THE FLAG

Ye who live the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, yet owe to her name.
To her years of prosperity past and in store.
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old.
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.
The blue arch above us in Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
But the schoolroom today is humanity's friend—
Let the people, the flag and the schoolhouse defend,
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

The American flag means, then, all that the fathers meant in the Revolutionary war; it means all that the declaration of independence meant; it means all that the constitution of a people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

The American flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man.*

Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty—*liberty through law, and laws for liberty.* Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the constitution. It is the government. It is the emblem of the sovereignty of the people. It is the nation.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

OUR FLAG

CHARLES SUMNER

There is the national flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its indearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened on its radiant trophies, can fail

to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry"; and yet I know not if it has any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes, of alternate red and white, proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the declaration of independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two, together, signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag our country, to be cherished by all of our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind tossed,
Red and blue and white.

The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

(From "The Trail to Boyland." Copyright 1904. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

FLAGS

By IRENE M. GIVENWILSON KILNER

"A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul;
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag."
—*Sir Edward Hamley.*

Pieces of different colored bunting sewn together—that is all. Such is a flag. And yet how much more? So much more that our hearts are lifted up to the highest fervor of endeavor by the appeal of that symbol and all that it connotes. For flags are symbols, and men from earliest ages have fought and labored under symbols. Our reverence for the sacredness of flags is an inheritance passed on from our ancestors of remote ages, when a special sign or symbol distinguished and protected families and tribes one from the other.

These signs or symbols were carried on standards and their use dates back to the earliest antiquity. In the sculptured reliefs of Assyrian and Egyptian temples we see processions in which their gods are represented as sacred animals, carved in wood, gilded and mounted on tall poles. We learn that the standard bearers were chosen men and were accorded special privileges and honors. The office of standard bearer was often hereditary in one family and gave great distinction to its members. It is probable that the children of Israel adopted this custom of symbols from the Egyptians, and after their exodus from Egypt we find frequent references to standards and standard bearers. So in the Book of Numbers (ii:2) it is ordained: "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard with the ensign of their father's house." Here the word ensign signifies the device or symbol on the standard of each of the tribes, and we know that the symbol for Judah was a lion, Ephraim an ox, Dan an eagle, and so on.

Standards were always carried into battle and became the inspiration for deeds of courage and heroism. Again we find frequent references in the Bible to this use of standards, and in Isaiah we read: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." All other ancient races also were distinguished by their special symbols raised on standards. Some, such as the dragon of the Chinese, have survived to this day, and who can see the symbol of the owl without thinking of Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom? At first the Romans had many standards or banners, according to family groups, but under the rule

of the great consul Marius, the golden eagle of Jove was adopted and remained the emblem of the invincible legions of Rome through many centuries. When Rome became an empire, each emperor had an imperial standard of his own, and Constantine, the Christian emperor and founder of Constantinople, chose as his standard the sacred monogram of Christ on a banner of purple silk. Fifty guards were appointed constantly to guard and be surety for this standard and, in honor of their service, were accorded special privileges at the imperial court. In such veneration was this standard held, that the guards were believed by the common people to be invulnerable to the spears and javelins of the enemy. Later Christian emperors added a motto to the standard *"In hoc signo vinces"*—"Under this emblem thou shalt conquer."

As time went on and the popes in Rome became more powerful and the Christian religion had spread throughout all Europe, it was customary for the pope to bestow on favored princes a banner or flag blessed by himself. This gave the sanction of the church to the raids and wars carried on by those princes. So William the Conqueror invaded England and defeated the English, at the battle of Hastings, under a white banner blessed by the pope. But in that same battle we have an example of the veneration in which banners or flags were held, for when Harold himself was killed his nobles gathered around his standard of the dragon and fought to the last breath in them.

From the eleventh century onward, religious emblems and figures of saints became more and more common on the flags and banners of the small nations into which Europe was divided. So England adopted St. George as her patron saint and her banner was the red cross of St. George. In the same way, the banner of Scotland was the white cross of St. Andrew, her patron saint.

In time the great nobles through all Europe adopted special symbols on banners which distinguished their house from all others. But special emblems were later on not confined to the nobility. The merchants joined together in guilds or corporations for their mutual advantage and protection, and adopted some special symbol indicative of their trade. Thus the guild of apothecaries or druggists in the city of Florence, in Italy, adopted the symbol of six red pills on a shield of gold. Tradition has it that the forbears of the great house of Medici belonged to this guild, and so it came about that this emblem was adopted on the coat of arms and banners of the powerful house of Medici in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is inter-

esting to examine the beautiful old illuminated manuscripts of those days, now carefully preserved in museums and great libraries. In them we find many battle scenes in which each company of men fights under the banner of the noble whom he serves, or the guild to which he belongs. There is a survival of this old custom in the lodges, fraternities and religious bodies of today; each has adopted its own special emblem and waves its banner proudly at the head of parades.

I need not go into the history of our own national flag, nor recount the historic deeds of heroism performed by those who have fought under it in the last 150 years. But there are many incidents in the late World War where that great banner of the stars and stripes inspired hope and courage, and gave protection to those who raised it up as their symbol. In the Red Cross Museum at national headquarters, in Washington, hang many such flags, reminiscent of the faith and reverence inspired by that emblem. There is only space to describe a few of them. One is a hand-made flag of faded red stripes, sewn on white cotton, and frayed white stars on heavy blue material.

In July, 1915, the American Red Cross sent a unit of nurses to Nish, Serbia, to establish a hospital and clinic for babies, among whom the mortality was appalling. In the following months the Germans and Bulgars pressed nearer and nearer to the city, until all the civil inhabitants were evacuated and the Red Cross nursing unit was requested to take charge of the military hospital, full to overflowing with Serbian wounded.

To the dismay of the nurses, it was discovered, after the Serbian officials had left the city, that there was no American flag to protect them and the hospital building. On November 6, 1915, one of the nurses walked three miles to a village to find all the stores closed and windows tightly boarded up. After much persuasion, a shopkeeper sold her some red and white sateen and a little square of blue cloth. She hurried back to the hospital and the nurses worked all night making this flag, wondering the while what their fate would be in the morning. They cut off a limb of a tree for a pole, nailed the flag to it and fastened the pole to a window frame. The night of November 7, the Bulgars and Turks captured Nish and the following morning 60,000 Germans marched in and occupied the town. But the flag was respected and there it hung until the American Red Cross unit was recalled for work elsewhere. Now that weatherworn

spirit of those nurses who stood by and under the protection of their flag performed their daily tasks of love and service in the fearsome days of war.

Then there is another hand-made flag carefully preserved in the Red Cross museum. All the Allies in 1917 turned their weary eyes towards America and, not less than others, many of the people of Alsace, that debated province which has been the bone of contention between France and Germany for more than a century. This flag was secretly made by two Alsatian women, copied from a picture cut from a newspaper. There had been no French flags in Alsace since 1870, and during the World War the Germans forbade the sale of red and blue cotton. These women therefore bought white cotton, dyed it red and blue and stenciled the stars. Others followed their example and so, in spite of all difficulties, on the day of the Armistice, a mass of American flags fluttered throughout Alsace, testifying to the gratitude of these foreign people to the country which had joined their cause.

Still another sadly washed-out American flag hangs in the museum and mutely testifies to the initiative and intrepidity of the nation's sons. A Red Cross officer was detailed to deliver a cargo of gasoline at Antivari, a harbor in Montenegro. This gasoline was badly needed for the ambulances and cars attached to the hospitals and stations of the Red Cross in Albania and Montenegro. The gasoline was loaded at Bari, Italy, on two Italian freighters in the care of the Red Cross officer. But no Italian vessels were allowed to enter the hostile city of Antivari, and guns from the harbor fortifications kept them from approaching.

It seemed as though the mission must be abandoned or the vessels be sunk, when the Red Cross officer had an inspiration. Taking a square of white cloth he quickly painted it with red and white stripes, and sketched in the 48 stars. Hoisting this and a Red Cross flag, he proudly entered the harbor without further trouble and delivered his cargo. There are many other flags in the museum, American and Red Cross, all with their histories of heroism, gratitude and reverence. They make immortal the deeds that they inspired. May there be none who—

> "Walk by them with careless tread,
> Nor think of the hosts of patriot dead
> That have marched beneath them in days gone by
> With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
> And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide
> And dying blessed them, and blessing died."
>
> —*The Red Cross Courier.*

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of congress, nor even a general in the army. I am a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in the Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of the new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on when the Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico: but that act looms no larger on the Flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska: but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the Flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a schoolteacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the Flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from the Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the Flag.

"I am not the Flag; not at all. I am nothing more than its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when workmen do an honest piece of work, fitting rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the constitution and the courts, the statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the Flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

(From an address delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., by the Secretary of the Interior.)

CHANGES IN THE FLAG

The flag Key wrote about is now in the National Museum at Washington. It is of the fifteen stars and fifteen stripes variety; but one star is missing—probably shot off during the bombardment. The flag is about thirty feet square, badly battered and torn. The flag with fifteen stars and fifteen stripes was the official flag from January 13, 1794 (after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky) until July 4, 1818. The law enacted January 13, 1794, provided that a star and a stripe should be added for each new state, but this was not done, although five states were admitted before the law was

changed. The law enacted in 1818 provided that there be thirteen stripes on the flag to symbolize the thirteen original states and that a new star should be added for each new state—this star to be first shown on the flag on July 4, following the date of admission. The stars were then arranged in rows instead of a circle.

In 1912 it was decided to have the order in which the stars come on the flag represent the time when the states were admitted. Thus Delaware, the first state to adopt the constitution, is represented by the first star to the left on the upper row; Arizona, by the last star to the right in the lowest row. Kansas is the thirty-fourth star.

HONOR THE FLAG

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service may carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE FLAG

There's no coward stripe upon it,
And no shame is written on it,
All the blood that's in its crimson
 Is the blood of manhood true;
There's no base and brutal glory
Woven sadly in its story.
It's a bright flag, and right flag,
 And the flag for me and you.

It's the flag without a fetter;
It's the flag of manhood better;
It has never done a mean thing,
 Never waved above a brute;
Greed and hate it never shielded,
Unto wrong it never yielded,
It's a fine flag, a divine flag
 That in reverence we salute.

It's the flag of all the glory
That is written in man's story;
It's the emblem of his freedom
And the hope of men oppressed;
It asks no disgraceful duty,
Never stains with shame its beauty.
It's a pure flag, and a sure flag,
It is our flag and the best.
—*Edgar A. Guest, in The American Boy.*

(Used by permission of *The American Boy Magazine.*)

DRILL: FLAGS OF THE NATIONS

FLORA E. HOLROYD

English Flag
French Flag
Belgian Flag
Canadian Flag
Mexican Flag
Norwegian Flag
Argentinian Flag
Grecian Flag
Italian Flag
Chinese Flag
Cuban Flag
Chilean Flag
Swedish Flag
Spanish Flag
Polish Flag

"Liberty," bearing a large American Flag

MUSIC: Any good patriotic march. (It would be very effective if strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" could be played softly during the flag salute.)

FLAGS: These can be bought from school supply houses or made by upper-grade classes. Designs can be found in Webster's International Dictionary.

COSTUMES: It is suggested that girls wear white dresses and boys dark trousers and white blouses. Or if more elaborate presentation is desired they may dress in costume of the country whose flag they carry. "Liberty" should wear a long white robe and a crown and carry as beautiful a flag as can be obtained.

Let eight children come on the stage from the left rear corner of stage and eight from the right. Let them march diagonally across the stage—the two lines intersecting. When leaders of each side reach the front of stage, turn toward center and advance until they face each other, one leading an inside circle, the other an outside circle. At a given signal after marching around in circle formation three times, have the leader of the inside circle reverse and enter the outer circle just after the leader of the outside circle. Each of his followers enters the outside circle in such manner (that is, falling

in just behind the member of the outside circle) until all are in one large circle. This circle marches around stage twice or until leaders are in center of rear stage, at which time one marches to right and one to left, the pupils of the two sides following their own leader. Pass up the sides of the stage, eight on the right side, eight on the left side forming parallel lines. On a given signal opposite sides face each other. Both lines advance four steps (this may need to vary according to size of stage), raise flags and touch tips forming an arch; pose; lower flags; and march backward four steps. Repeat to formation of arch. At this point Liberty enters from the rear and marches to the center of the rear stage. Pupils open the arch by raising flags to a vertical position and lowering arms until hand is at shoulder level. They stand thus in position and at attention while "Liberty" marches between their lines to a place at least one position in front of them. Pupils march back four steps, change flags to left hand and drop to side. Give "Flag Salute" to "Liberty's" flag.

Standing with the right hand over the heart, all repeat together the following pledge:

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands;
One Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Change flags to right hand, raise hand to shoulder height, holding flag vertically, march forward four steps, raise flags, touching tips to form arch; pose; open arch. "Liberty" passes out, slowly marching backward to rear of stage. When "Liberty" is even with the fourth couple in the lines, the couple at front of stage falls in behind and follows "liberty" off the stage. Pupils continue, following in pairs, directly after, until all are off stage. Change flags to left hand and drop to side as they turn to enter the center aisle. They should separate as they reach the rear of stage and make exit to right and left.

NOTE.—This drill may be adapted to any odd number of pupils from nine up, depending upon the size of stage to be used.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.
Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

OUR FLAG

And when we wanted an emblem
To carry in war and peace,
A flag to tell to the nations
That the Union never should cease,
We looked to the heavens above us,
To the stars in the fair blue skies,
And we copied the red from the sunset clouds
In the west when daylight dies.

—*Selected.*

INFORMATION ON THE FLAG

The National Americanism Commission of the American Legion has prepared the following questions and answers on the United States Flag:

1. Question. By what authority was our first National Flag established? Answer. Authorized by the Continental Congress.

2. Q. Quote the exact language of the original Flag Law? A. "Resolved, that the Flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

3. Q. When was our state first represented by a star in the union of the National Flag? A. 1861—Kansas Day is January 29.

4. Q. Name the original states represented by the stripes in the Flag. A. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and New Jersey.

5. Q. When was the law passed that governs the present design of the Flag? A. April 4, 1818.

6. Q. Mention two early American Flags which suggested part of the design of the present Flag. A. Naval ensign, 1776-1777; striped union, 1776-1777.

7. Q. What was the official Flag of the United States between September 3, 1777, and January 13, 1794? Between May 1, 1795, and April 4, 1818? A. Flag of 13 stars and 13 stripes; Flag of 15 stars and 15 stripes.

8. Q. When it arises from the ground or a low foundation, what should be the approximate length of a flag pole, expressed in length of the flag displayed? A. Col. Kerrick, in his authoritative book, "The Flag of the United States," says: "To secure best effect and appearance a flag pole, in height above the ground, should be three or four times the length of the flag to be displayed."

9. Q. Mention four contemporary flag designs, other than the Stars and Stripes, which have been established by Congress. A. Yacht ensign, Revenue Flag, President's Flag, Navy Union Jack.

10. Q. What date do we observe as the anniversary of the Flag? When and by whom was this anniversary proclaimed? A. June 14. President Wilson, 1915.

11. Q. According to a statement ascribed to George Washington, what is the significance of each of the colors in the Flag? A. We take the stars and blue union from Heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty.

12. Q. What was the inscription on the Pine Tree Flag? On the Rattlesnake Flag? In what colony did each of these flags originate? A. "An appeal to Heaven." "Don't tread on me." Massachusetts and North Carolina.

13. Q. What are the proportions of the National Flag? A. Width, 1; length, 1.9; width of union, $\frac{7}{13}$; length of union, 0.76; width of each stripe, $\frac{1}{13}$; diameter of each star, .0616.

14. Q. When and by whom were the present proportions established? A. President Taft, 1912; revoked and republished by President Wilson, 1916.

15. Q. On what days should the Flag be displayed? A. On all days of patriotic observance and on the occasion of visits from high government officials. Schools and public buildings should display it every day.

16. What naval commander first flew the Stars and Stripes? When and over what ship? A. John Paul Jones, Ranger, July 2, 1777.

17. Q. What is the proper salute to the Flag by a man or boy in civilian clothes? By a woman or girl? A. Remove hat and hold it at the left shoulder with right hand over the heart. Right hand over the heart.

18. Q. What is our National Anthem? By whom was it written? Under what conditions? A. "The Star Spangled Banner." Francis Scott Key. Written while a captive of the British during a night attack on Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814.

19. Q. How is the Flag displayed on Memorial Day? A. Half mast until noon, then raised to full staff until sunset.

20. Q. When a flag becomes faded, frayed or otherwise damaged, how should we dispose of it? A. It should be destroyed privately, preferably by burning, or some other method in harmony with reverence and respect we owe to the emblem representing our country.

21. Q. During what part of the day should the Flag be displayed when it is flown from a halyard? A. Sunrise to sunset.

22. Q. Who gave the name of "Old Glory" to the Flag? A. Capt. William Driver.

23. Q. Is the Flag of the United States ever dipped in salute to any individual? A. No.

24. Q. How may the Flag be used in connection with the unveiling of a monument? A. It should never be used to cover the statue, but should be flung aloft to the right of it.

25. Q. Is it correct to use the Flag for a merely decorative purpose in any printed, painted or embroidered design? A. No.

26. Q. When the Flag is suspended from a cord or wire over the center of a street, what should be the position of the union? A. The union should be to the north in an east-and-west street or to the east in a north-and-south street.

27. Q. Describe the Striped Union Flag. A. Thirteen horizontal stripes alternate red and white with the English union cantoned in the corner.

28. Q. How is crepe used with the Flag to indicate mourning? By whose order? A. On the flagstaff by attaching two streamers of black crepe to the spearhead. By order of the President.

29. Q. Should the Flag be worn as a part of any costume or uniform? A. No.

30. Q. In what war did the Stars and Stripes first replace regimental colors as the official flag of the army of the United States? A. Mexican War in 1846-'47.

31. Q. What is the meaning of a Flag flown with the union down? A. Sign of distress.

32. Q. Describe the coat of arms of the United States. A. Chief figure of an American Eagle holding an olive branch in his right talon and a bundle of thirteen arrows in his left. Superimposed on him is a blue shield bearing thirteen vertical stripes, alternate red and white with a plain blue chief. In the beak of the eagle is a scroll with the motto: E Pluribus Unum.

33. Q. Should a Flag be hoisted rapidly, or slowly and ceremoniously? How should it be lowered? A. Rapidly. Slowly and ceremoniously.

34. Q. Quote the pledge of allegiance to the Flag. A. "I pledge allegiance to The Flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

35. Q. How is the pledge of allegiance to the Flag given? A. Standing with the right hand over heart. At the words "to the Flag" the right hand is extended palm upward toward the Flag, this position to be held to the end.

36. Q. When used to cover the casket of a veteran, what should be the position of the union of the Flag? A. Union of the Flag is placed over left shoulder of the body.

37. Q. At what position in a parade should the Flag of the United States be carried? A. In front and at the right of a column or section. If other flags are carried it may go before them at center of line.

38. Q. What should be done by all spectators while the Flag of the United States is being hoisted or lowered? A. They should stand at attention, the men uncovering.

39. Q. Was the Flag of the United States flown over front line troops during the World War? Over what occupied territory was it flown after the Armistice? A. No. Germany.

40. Q. How is a Flag correctly displayed on an automobile? A. Fix it to a staff at the radiator cap. Do not drape.

41. Q. When a Flag is displayed flat against a wall, what should be the position of the union? A. The union should always be at the observer's left.

42. Q. Should the Flag be lowered into a grave? A. No.

43. Q. Since the passage of the National Flag resolve, what presidents have issued executive orders affecting the proportions of the Flag? A. Presidents Monroe, Taft and Wilson.

44. Q. What is the correct position for the mounted Flag on a speaker's platform? A. At the speaker's right.

45. Q. When was the first National Flag conference called? By what organization? Who was the first speaker? A. June 14, 1923. The American Legion. President Harding.

46. Q. Is it proper to drape or festoon the Flag? A. No.

47. Q. Should portions of the air of "The Star-Spangled Banner" be interpolated in any medley? A. No.

48. Q. When was the Flag of the United States first borne into a major engagement by the American Army? A. Battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777.

49. Q. Is it correct to place any object or emblem on or above the Flag of the United States? A. No.

50. Q. What authority is there for the use of a yellow fringe on the Flag? A. Authorized by United States Army Regulations as published by the War Department in 1923.

EVERY STAR A STATE—EVERY STATE A STAR

Beginning at the upper left-hand corner (beside staff) of the United States Flag and reading across the Flag to the right the stars represent the following states (stars beside the staff are Nos. 1, 9, 17, 25, 33 and 41).

1. Delaware, December 7, 1787.
2. Pennsylvania, December 12, 1787.
3. New Jersey, December 18, 1787.
4. Georgia, January 2, 1788.
5. Connecticut, January 9, 1788.
6. Massachusetts, February 6, 1788.
7. Maryland, April 28, 1788.
8. South Carolina, May 23, 1788.
9. New Hampshire, June 21, 1788.
10. Virginia, June 26, 1788.
11. New York, July 26, 1788.
12. North Carolina, Nov. 21, 1789.
13. Rhode Island, May 29, 1790.
14. Vermónt, March 4, 1791.
15. Kentucky, June 1, 1792.
16. Tennessee, June 1, 1796.
17. Ohio, November 29, 1802.
18. Louisiana, April 30, 1812.
19. Indiana, December 11, 1816.
20. Mississippi, December 10, 1817.
21. Illinois, December 3, 1818.
22. Alabama, December 14, 1819.
23. Maine, March 15, 1820.
24. Missouri, August 10, 1821.
25. Arkansas, June 15, 1836.
26. Michigan, January 26, 1837.
27. Florida, March 3, 1845.
28. Texas, December 29, 1845.
29. Iowa, December 28, 1846.
30. Wisconsin, May 29, 1848.
31. California, September 9, 1850.
32. Minnesota, May 11, 1858.
33. Oregon, February 14, 1859.
34. Kansas, January 29, 1861.
35. West Virginia, June 19, 1863.
36. Nevada, October 31, 1864.
37. Nebraska, March 1, 1867.
38. Colorado, August 1, 1876.
39. North Dakota, November 2, 1889.
40. South Dakota, November 2, 1889.
41. Montana, November 8, 1889.
42. Washington, November 11, 1889.
43. Idaho, July 3, 1890.
44. Wyoming, July 10, 1890.
45. Utah, January 4, 1896.
46. Oklahoma, November 16, 1907.
47. New Mexico, January 6, 1912.
48. Arizona, February 14, 1912.

(From "The Flag of the United States," published through the courtesy of the United States Flag Association, Washington, D. C.)

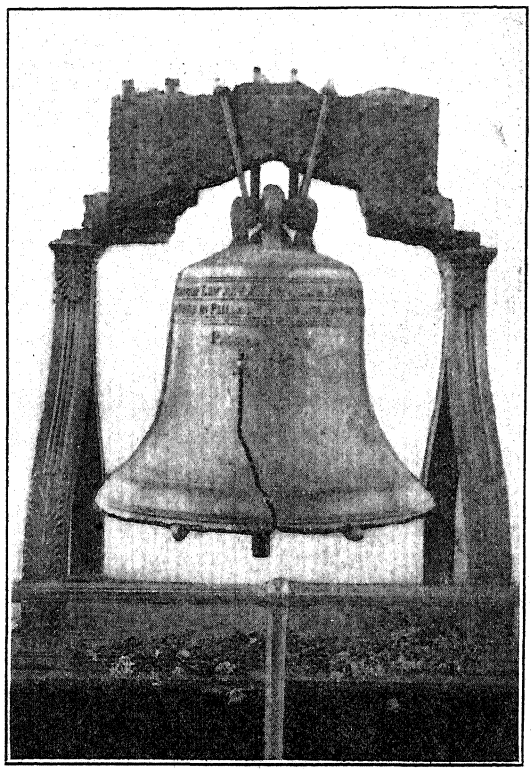
Independence Day

July 4

THE Fourth of July is the one outstanding day of each year. It marks the celebration of America's independence. It signifies the birth of a nation conceived in the spirit "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This day in the year 1776, gave the world a new conception—that of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. It is therefore fitting that on July 4th Americans everywhere should hold appropriate ceremonies to breed a new spirit of Americanism in the aliens who come to our shores seeking "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We owe it, not only to our country, but to the aliens themselves, to make them feel that as long as they have come to our land they are not undesirables and that we have an interest in them. This is another way to offset the work of revolutionary radicals. Let us teach them on this appropriate day what the spirit of America means.

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the constitution and the laws, let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor; let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample upon the blood of his fathers and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Liberty Bell is a relic of the early days of American independence, on which is engraved the words "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof" (Leviticus xxv:10). It is now in the hallway of the old statehouse in Philadelphia. Beside the bell is a printed card bearing this information:



THE LIBERTY BELL

"BY ORDER OF THE ASSEMBLY of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State House in Philadelphia, Pass and Stow, Philadelphia, MDCCLIII. This bell was first cast in England and the inscription put upon it by order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania in 1752. It broke in ringing after its arrival and was recast in Philadelphia from the same metal, with the same inscription in 1753. It rang on the 8th of July, 1776, to call citizens together to hear the proclamation of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. In the adjoining yard it rang at each successive anni-

versary of the Declaration until 1835. It broke July 8, that year, while tolling during the funeral solemnities of John Marshall, chief justice of the United States, who died in this city."

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that, among these, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—*Declaration of Independence.*

No progress which did not lift all, ever lifted any. If we let the poisons of filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor, Death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horrors of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the vanguard can go on.—*Thomas B. Reed.*

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how.—*James G. Blaine.*

MAN-MAKING

We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
The builder also grows.

—*Edwin Markham.*

OLD GLORY

The white is the symbol of purity. It stands for the ideal virtue which should be exercised under certain circumstances and conditions. In a statesman it would stand for a pure and incorrupt citizenship; in a judge it would stand for integrity; in a business man it would stand for honesty; in view of sickness it would stand for humility, and in relation to the poor its stands for charity. In fact, it stands for everything that is godly.

The red stands for love. This color receives its symbolism from the blood, and reminds us that every true patriot should be willing to

die for the love of country; to shed his blood if necessary in the hour of the nation's peril. But more particularly does the red symbolize that divine love which should dwell in every breast and be the ruling passion in every soul.

The stars upon the azure are symbols of light and heavenly protection. They teach us that every state should be a symbol of light, of righteousness, of truth. They remind us, also, that heaven is above us, underneath, and around us, and that in the darkest hour of the nation's peril God's eye is upon us.—*A. S. Gumbart, D. D.*

OUR COUNTRY

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Mississippi. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane and in the golden robes of the rice fields. No! These are but the sister families of one greater, better, holier, family, our country!—*Author Unknown.*

OPPORTUNITIES WHERE YOU ARE

To each man's life there comes a time supreme;
One day, one night, or one morning, or one noon,
One freighted hour, one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam,
One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One Once, in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,
And ready for the passing instant's boon
To tip in favor the uncertain beam.
Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and work and stand
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
To sieze the passing moment, big with fate,
From opportunity's extended hand,
When the great clock of destiny strikes Now!

—*Mary A. Townsend.*

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INDEPENDENCE BELL, PHILADELPHIA

July 4, 1776

INSCRIPTION: *"Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof."*

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lashed the wild Newfoundland shore
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! Grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!

—*Anonymous.*

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

GRANDFATHER'S FOURTH

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise.
He would say, with a thump of his hickory stick,
That it made an American right down *sick*
To see his sons on the Nation's day
Sit around in a sort of a listless way,
With no oration and no train-band,
No firework show and no root-beer stand,
While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs,
Were ashamed—Great Scott!—to fire off squibs.

And so each Independence morn
Grandfather Watts took his powder-horn,
And the flintlock shotgun *his* father had,
When he fought under Schuyler, a country lad,
And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp
Ten miles to the woods at Beaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowl—
That a decent chipmunk, or woodchuck, or owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.
And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,
And march to the woods, sou'east by sou'.

But, once—ah! long, long years ago,
For grandfather's gone where good men go,
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,
Such short cuts as boys have always known,
We hurried and followed the dear old man
Beyond where the wilderness began
To the deep, black woods at the foot of the Hump.
And there was a clearing and a stump,
A stump in the heart of a great wide wood;
And there on that stump our grandfather stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flintlock gun
Once in a minute, his head all bare,
Having his fourth of July out there,
The Fourth of July he used to know,
Back in eighteen-and-twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,
He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to the left and right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long;
And then our grandfather broke into song,
And scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail, Columbia!" to the breeze.

And, I tell you, the old man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for word!
But he sang out strong to the bright, blue sky,
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July,
He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back,
As still as we came, on our twisting track;
While words more clear than the flintlock shots
Rang in our ears.

And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore,
And marched off home, nor'west by nor'.

—*H. C. Brunner, in Harper's Young People.*

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AMERICA FOR ME

HENRY VAN DYKE

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back;
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

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A PATRIOTIC CREED

EDGAR A. GUEST

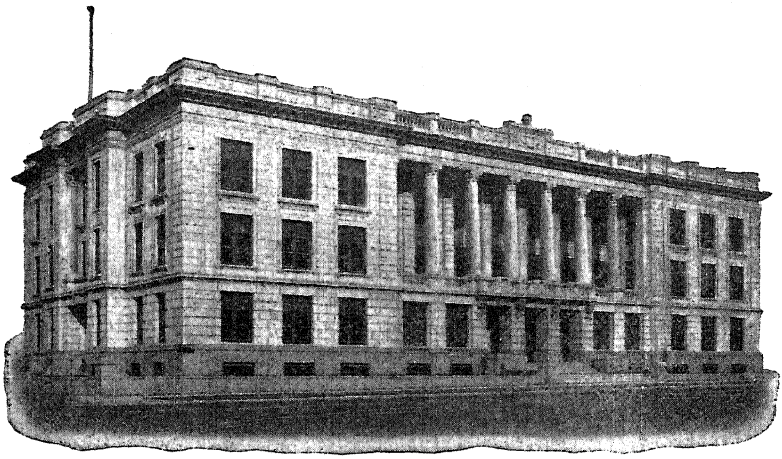
To serve my country day by day
At any humble post I may;
To honor and respect her flag,
To live the traits of which I brag;
To be American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil,
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I must always in trouble's hour
Be guided by the men in power;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give;
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best, and play my part,
American in mind and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be American in deed—
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

(From Mr. Guest's book, "Poems of Patriotism," copyrighted 1918, used by permission of his publishers, Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.)



HOME OF PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATIONS OF KANSAS

MEMORIAL BUILDING

WORK on the Memorial Building was commenced in 1910. It was occupied in 1914. It cost about six hundred thousand dollars. The money to build it was paid by the United States government to the state of Kansas in a settlement of war claims, but this settlement did not include any of the "Price raid" claims. It was erected as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. The Kansas State Historical Society and the state departments of The Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion, the Sons of Veterans, the American Legion, and auxiliary, and the United Spanish War Veterans, and auxiliary, occupy the building.

Patriotic Organizations

THERE are many worthy organizations founded by those men who have bravely defended the "red, white and blue" in time of war and by the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of soldiers. Among these organizations the chief and best known are: The Daughters of the American Revolution; the Grand Army of the Republic; the Women's Relief Corps; the United Spanish War Veterans; the American Legion, and the auxiliaries of these various organizations.

They have stood by the public school in its efforts to bring the best and wisest counsel to our youth; they have preserved for future generations many old historic spots and buildings in their original conditions; they have built beautiful memorials, broadcast over the land, to revere the memory of our honored dead; they have established cemeteries, and have made of them bowers of quiet and peaceful beauty; they have protected and cared for disabled soldiers and widows and orphans of soldiers; they have met the needs of war and peace; and have ever upheld the national honor and the sacred principles of the constitution.

No other voluntary organizations have taken such a place in the nation's life as these bodies of men and women who have been so entirely self-sacrificing and so ready to render service. They have ever been and are safeguards of civilization.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

We devote a brief chapter to the Red Cross. It could easily be a lengthy one. No chapter, however lengthy, could tell all its virtues and achievements. Its symbol is familiar in every schoolhouse in the land. Its record in the past has merited the highest praise, but in this present war it is surpassing its former service in the most brilliant and courageous fashion. We read of its gallant nurses everywhere. They give not only their service but even their lives. Never before have nurses mingled so closely with battle lines. Let every school honor the Red Cross and aid and serve it.



AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSE

The uniform is worn by Joyce Gagner, a senior student at Providence Hospital School of Nursing, Washington, D. C. [May, 1944], and a member of the Red Cross Student Reserve, which organization is maintained for the purpose of interesting students in joining the Army or Navy Nurse Corps after graduation.

American Red Cross

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

Wherever war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire or famine goes,
 There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes,
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
 Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
 The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
 What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering
 Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore,
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
 The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp
I saw in Solferino's camp
 The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds,
I am your bodies on their rounds
 of pain afar;
I am you doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
 Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
 Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
 Of war's red line.

—*John Finley.*

(Used by permission of the author.)

Junior Red Cross

DURING the war period the Red Cross entered the schools, through its junior organization, very largely as a supplicant for the coöperation of the schools in the war work of the Red Cross. The schools responded whole-heartedly and generously.

The idea of a Junior Red Cross was originally conceived by school people themselves, and largely because of a belief on their part, even at that time, in its positive educational values. The idea was taken up by the Red Cross only on presentation by these school people, who included some of the leading educators of the country.

The educational values to American children of participation in a wide range of service activities, or organized coöperation on a nation-wide scale in public enterprises, and of direct contacts with children in other lands, became so apparent, and in fact so far exceeded anticipation, that it was asserted by many educators that it would be a distinct loss to education to permit the Junior Red Cross to lapse with the coming of peace. When, during the first stages of the return by the Red Cross to a peace-time basis, the question of the perpetuation of the Junior Red Cross was discussed, it was educators who pleaded most earnestly for its perpetuation.

No fee for membership in the Junior Red Cross, either on the part of individual children or of schools, is required. Membership is based on participation in a service program.

The American Junior Red Cross has had, from the beginning, both domestic and foreign activities. Its domestic activities may be classified as those which are purely local in character and those which are national in scope. Local activities are of the widest possible variety, each auxiliary selecting those which appeal to its interest and which best meet local conditions and needs.

The local service activities of the American Junior Red Cross permit of the following general classification:

Personal service activities: Such as providing flowers and delicacies for sick friends; making scrapbooks for children in institutions or to confined aged people or to others confined to their homes; giving entertainments for children's hospitals, homes for the aged, etc.; seeing to it that timid or handicapped children are included in games on the school or community playground.

Service for the school: Such as making the school attractive by providing flowers, making school decorations, helping to keep the schoolroom and grounds in good order; giving entertainments for the pleasure of the school or to raise money for school equipment and decoration; cultivating flowers on the school grounds; helping the teacher, the school nurse, etc.

Service for the community: Such as participating in community health campaigns or projects, fire prevention and accident prevention movements, community beautification; protecting animal and bird life, wild flowers and trees; earning money by many enterprises for community projects, such as dental clinics, summer camps, providing milk for undernourished children, beds in children's hospitals, hot lunches for school children, drinking fountains for man or beast, etc.

Personal health activities: Such as the organization and conduct of health clubs for the stimulation of interest in personal health as a prerequisite to effective service; enrolling in classes for instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick, nutrition and selection of foods, first aid, which courses are provided for the schools by the American Red Cross. American Juniors are impressed with the fact that efficient service depends upon physical and mental fitness for service. Health education, therefore, becomes in the view of the American Junior Red Cross, a means to the end of service rather than an end in itself.

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